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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NORTH CAROLINA.—AN ILLICIT WHISKY-STILL IN THE MOUNTAINS SURPRISED BY REVENUE OFFICERS.  
FROM A SKETCH BY J. S. HODGSON.—SEE PAGE 21.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

[NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1883.]

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

In ten months from this time the people of the United States will find themselves toiling and whirling in the maelstrom of a Presidential election.—Already the din of preparation is heard on every side. The managers of the two great parties that divide the country are running hither and thither, plotting and scheming in behalf of favorite candidates, named or unnamed, and laboring to so shape the issue of the canvass as to insure their own success. The state of things is, in some respects, peculiar, and the result of the canvass more than usually doubtful. Let us endeavor to take an impartial survey of the field, and to discover, if possible, the elements of strength and weakness in each of the parties to the impending struggle.

The Republican Party, formed originally to rescue the country from the dominion of the slave power, has controlled the National Government during nearly twenty-four years, or six full Presidential terms. Its original object was long since attained, and the issues upon which it first came into power are dead as Julius Caesar. In all fairness it must be admitted that it has carried the country safely through a crisis as dangerous as any that ever befell a nation, and in this and some other respects made for itself a record of which it may justly be proud. But it has made some very serious mistakes, which have impaired the public confidence in its wisdom and integrity. It has been slow to adjust itself to new conditions and to recognize the new questions which from time to time demanded its attention. Its leaders, intoxicated by the possession of power, have sought to intrench themselves in office by means obnoxious alike to sound morality and high statesmanship. In some instances they have winked at, if they have not invented, frauds by which the public treasury has been despoiled, and they have been slow to adopt measures for the reform of the Civil Service. In short, the Republican Party has been too much under the sway of the spoils system, as practiced by the unscrupulous politicians who are always found in the wake of every successful party. Many enlightened and conscientious citizens have even despaired of its reformation, and been tempted to aid its overthrow as a necessary preliminary to a better state of things.

It must be admitted, however, that the party has of late given signs that the power of self-recovery is not lost, and it may enter upon the election of next year under conditions which will give it fair hopes of success. Its attitude upon the question of Civil Service Reform is improving from day to day, and it may be able, with a good candidate, to command the support of the Independents, whose votes are likely to turn the scale. On the question of the Tariff it has a great advantage over its rival in the fact that it is able to express itself with substantial unanimity in favor of measures under which, whatever else may be said, the country has attained to a high degree of prosperity, while the Democratic Party is hopelessly divided in opinion. As to presidential candidates, it may be said that Republicans are at present uncommitted, and that there is a fair opportunity for them to make a nomination that will command the cordial support of those who think more of the reform of the Government than of the triumph of any party.

The points of strength and weakness in the Democratic Party are palpable to the dullest vision. It is strong, in the first place, in its name, which has a powerful attraction for a very large number of people, as expressing, better than any other, the true meaning of our institutions. It has a history as old as the Constitution itself, and illustrated by the names of many eminent and honored statesmen. In the early periods of our history it stood for principles dear to the heart of the common people, and took an honorable and useful part in legislation as well as in executive administration. The episode of the Civil War impaired, but could not wholly destroy, its prestige, and, since the settlement of the slavery question, it has been slowly but surely rehabilitating itself, until it has become invested with something like its former prestige and power. It confronts the Republican Party to-day upon pretty equal terms, and has won victories in some States that will not be easily reversed. It is strongly entrenched in nearly the whole body of States where slavery lately prevailed, and it has an unfailing support in the instinctive sympathy of by far the largest portion of unintelligent voters that bear sway in the great cities of the country. Why this is so we do not attempt to explain; of the fact there can be no doubt. But even its strength in these particulars is a source of weakness. Intelligent, conscientious citizens must ever be distrustful

of a party in which such elements find recognition. Its professions are discredited, as meant to beguile credulous voters. Its policy lacks fixness and coherency; there is scarcely a question upon which its following is united. That the party has in its ranks many eminent and honorable men, and that the majority of its voters are patriotic, every fair minded Republican will readily admit; but its more dangerous elements are so powerful that its accession to power is widely dreaded as a calamity. This is especially true among business men. A large class of Republicans, disgusted with the suberviency of their own party to "boss" rule, and seeing no other way of rebuking its delinquencies, have aided in restoring the Democrats to power; but the results of their action are not such as to encourage them to continue the alliance thus formed. The action of the Democrats in the States and cities where they are in power is, for the most part, a record of broken promises, of incompetent administration, and of unmitigated devotion to the "spoils." The prospect of political reform through that channel is not such as to win the confidence of non-partisan voters.

That renowned philosopher, Josh Ellings, says, "Don't prophecy unless you know what will come to pass"; and we shall not venture to predict the result of the Presidential election now so near at hand. Having described as accurately as we can the elements and forces that will enter into the conflict, we must calmly and patiently await the developments so soon to be unfolded to our vision. Our sympathy will be with the party, whatever its name, which shall give the most satisfactory assurance of an honest purpose to deliver the country from the rule of bosses, maintain honest finance, and establish the Civil Service upon sound principles of administration.

EVOLUTION IN AL FRESCO WORSHIP.

CAMP MEETINGS are a permanent institution, like Christmas, Thanksgiving Day and the Fourth of July; each, however, in its peculiar way, is a very different thing from what it was at the outset. In some instances the original purposes and usages have grown altogether dim and legendary. Christmas is no longer the dull, spiritless, half-hearted, ill-observed day it was no more than two or three generations ago; Thanksgiving Day is now more sacred to the turkey gobbler, gastronomic indulgence and purely social features than it is to meeting-houses and ministers; while the "Ever glorious" has "calmed down" wonderfully since the days when the small boy first burned his fingers with the enthusiastic fire-cracker. No one will deny that in these changes, which the introduction of new ideas has wrought, innovation is synonymous with improvement.

The classification of the camp meeting with representative national holidays may possibly appear as somewhat incongruous, but it must be admitted that in its way it illustrates and emphasizes certain characteristics of purely American life. At the same time it certainly possesses some of those features which belong to both of these other festivals. Thus the meeting of friends and the delightful, care-free days they pass together in what is still called a "camp" is not unlike a Summer Christmas with the gilt-making left out, or a protracted Thanksgiving with the excessive turkey omitted.

There is as much difference between the camp meeting at Martha's Vineyard, Ocean Grove and Chautauqua of to day and the primitive grove meetings of our grandfathers, as between the lumbering stage coach in which our venerable ancestors tumbled about and the luxurious Pullman car in which we glide in dreamy comfort. The camp meeting of olden days was the place where an attack was made all along the line of the adversary of souls, where physical contortions and extraordinary cries of agony were supposed to represent the amount of contrition of the unsaved sinner, while the awful horrors of eternal burnings were pictured by loud mouthed revivalists with a rhetorical and dramatic realism sufficient to send men, women and children to the "seekers' altar" in a genuine agony of mind and soul. There are still traces of this same method of saving sinners by the power of fear, combined with that curious trait in human character which sends them in crowds after some one has led the way; but there has been a genuine process of evolution going on in the methods of worship in the woods which would be remarkable were it not for the fact that it has simply kept pace with the progress of our people in all other directions. From being a lot of tents rudely pitched about a modest preacher's stand of rough boards, the camp-ground has grown to be a village of comfortable cottages—a city—a permanent watering-place with many popular—if not fashionable—features, designed to draw the patronage of sinner as well as saint. The result is—bathing, boating, fishing, croquet,

base-ball, band concerts, bicycling, picnicking—and, sad to say, flirtations, no end. As the result of these interchanges of delicate but inevitable courtesies between the young people of the two sexes, according to an esteemed contemporary, the rate of engagements at the modern camp-ground exceeds the muster-roll of conversions. But who will say that this change in the character of our camp meetings is not for the better? Who shall object to the innocent diversions, inland or at the shore, with which the young people fill up their vacation days, amid surroundings as healthful morally as they are beneficial and inspiring physically? At Ocean Grove, for example, where thousands spend the entire Summer, and other thousands are visitors while camp meeting is in progress, the moral atmosphere is so highly aerated that cigars are not sold, or allowed to be smoked inside of certain limits, while nothing intoxicating is sold within a mile. Some chance visitors complain of these restrictions, but no one is obliged to go there who does not wish to; and the very fact that so large a number of the honest, substantial, middle-class citizens from all over the country desire to surround themselves and their families with such restrictions, is one of the best arguments in favor of the beneficent out-growth of the camp meeting idea, in which the old demand for spiritual exaltation and excitement has by its evolution been replaced with the more solid, underlying principle that goes to the bottom of questions of right and wrong, and finds its reflex in the well ordered life.

Still another phase of the new order of things as applied to camp meetings is the bringing together of all sorts of educational appliances, where one can study the Bible or English literature, music or modeling in clay, common school text-books or the classics, under teachers of wide experience and reputation. Here, also, are held conventions and conferences and assemblies of representative men and women to discuss the great questions of the day, which are attended by vast audiences—as at the National Education Assembly, recently closed at Ocean Grove, for example. All these changes might distress our worthy grandparents, imbued with the primitive ideas of the Weebleys; but the grandchildren of these sires are certainly no worse, or worse off, for the changes, and are vastly more comfortable by reason of them.

BOOTH, IRVING, AND THE DRAMA.

WHETHER or not it was a part of a shrewd managerial plan to invite Edwin Booth to London and make him the highly-favored friend of Henry Irving, now the leader of the English stage, in order that the latter might have hospitable claims on the American people and receive reciprocal cordiality, it is certain that the coming here of Henry Irving will be a dramatic event without parallel in America since the famous and bloody rivalry of Forrest and Macready over thirty years ago. And how the stage on both sides of the Atlantic has changed since then? Then an English actor in America, or an American in England, had scant welcome unless there were a perfect disguise of nationality; but now we find our own actors and actresses cordially received by appreciative houses across the water, while there is scarcely a dramatic organization which has not English artists, whose preferences are emphatic for our playhouses. This marked tendency on both sides of the water has had the happy effect of denationalizing the drama among English-speaking peoples, and in giving the playwright and actor a wider world for conquest, and it is not too much to say that one of the most favorable symptoms of this general assimilation is a pronounced elevation in the tastes of the people and in the consequent quality of the drama and its votaries. It is found that the stage is being recruited from the cultivated and well-born classes, and in social distinctions an actor or an actress can pass current in our highest circles without the ungracious comments and cool treatment prevailing a generation ago. For a woman, particularly is this true. It is known to every one of the weaker sex that the highest remuneration she can obtain for earnest efforts either in music or the drama, and it is the promise which sends so many to the green room. We have conspicuous examples of those who have been eminent in other intellectual fields, endeavoring to conquer in the foot-light world—women like Kate Field, Anna Dickinson and others, while now, both in America and England, the young writers, male and female, and often graduates of the universities, are found in all departments of the drama. There lately came to the United States a young English authoress who wrote for the best British periodicals, and who had achieved high repute in prose and poetry, to act in light opera and drama simply because there is greater and more immediate pecuniary reward on the stage than in literature in its most attractive

forms. It is singular, too, that there has been scarcely a writer of eminence in recent times who has not turned towards the stage with a longing eye, not only as playwright, but in the hope of bodily personation. Dickens felt this yearning to a remarkable degree, and so did Bulwer Lytton, and among the living, Edmund Yates and William Black, and if the managers were to tell the stories of their experience with literary applicants for places in the cast, the record would be found to contain many famous names indeed.

This yearning on the part of the cultivated comes directly from the influence caused by the vast number of modern theatres built in the Union during the last twenty years, and also to the all-prevailing private theatricals which enlist the culture of the highest social circles. Therefore, anything which will tend to elevate the latent dramatic talent of the country should be hailed with joy. Such a stimulating influence will be found, during the Fall and Winter, in the appearance of Booth and Irving as the two greatest expositors of the English drama—two men of acknowledged genius, but of widely different mental make-up and artistic sympathies, whose rendition of the great poets associated with their names will be prolific of the widest and most beneficial popular discussion. The forgotten Shakespeares will be brought down from their shelves, and Booth and Irving will be the *pro et con.* of the drawing-room controversies. Whether or not Mr. Irving will make an artistic success here—*one distinctly individual and histrionic in the highest sense of that word*—will probably never be settled with any general unanimity. He has violent partisans and equally enthusiastic admirers in his own land, and it cannot be supposed that he will otherwise than divide the theatre-going public of the United States. One thing, however, he will do for our drama. He will show how perfectly a play can be mounted, for he not only brings his own company, but also his costumes and his own scenery. Mr. Irving in this sense is a perfect artist. His stage setting proceeds by the recognized canons of art and color, light and shadow, and a thoroughly artistic grouping of the figures on the stage must obtain. This has, in a great measure, made Irving what he is. The cheap and ill-may scenery of the American stage, it is true, is giving way to a higher art in these matters, but the revolution has but just begun. Mr. Irving will teach us much that we should long ago have learned.

Edwin Booth has long been accused of believing in an inferior support, fearing that a strong company would dim the lustre of the star. It is true that John McCullough and O'Neill, Eleanor Carey, Laura Don, and others distinguished in the profession, have supported him; yet he has never had a company comparable in average excellence to that of Irving, constructed upon the principle that each part must be rendered by a competent artist. Mr. Booth's company for the coming season has not yet been selected, and he would do well to remember that American audiences have come to that degree of intelligence when they will no longer sit patiently to the mouthings of a miserable company simply to witness one piece of exquisite acting. What would be thought of the painter who would make one magnificent figure on his canvas, and then turn the composition over to a dabster to fill in with vulgar accessories, themselves an essential part of the composition?

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE French have at last discovered that their movement in Tonquin is no holiday affair. Their forces at Hanoi saluted forth on August 15th, 2,000 strong, expecting to push forward without difficulty and capture a strong post of the enemy seven miles away. At first all went well, and the French carried Yano, a post midway between Hanoi and their goal, without much difficulty, but the Chinese soon rallied and pressed upon the invaders in overwhelming numbers, driving them back to Hanoi completely exhausted and with heavy loss. The repulse is not merely important in itself, but still more so for its moral effect in disheartening the French and encouraging the enemy. It conclusively proved that the French force is inadequate, both in men and gunboats, and it is generally admitted that the French commander will require 10,000 men to be able to cope with the enemy successfully. The French physicians complain of a want of medicine and stores, and it is evident that all the preparations have been on too small a scale. There is nothing to do but wait for reinforcements, and it is probable that no further offensive operations will be taken for a number of weeks.

At the same time that European attention is thus attracted to France by her foreign policy, Prince Bismarck's organ, the *North German Gazette*, has caused a great sensation by an editorial article which, replying to the attacks of French journals on Germany and their cry for revenge, declares that France alone threatens the peace of Europe. It says that such a state of affairs cannot continue without serious danger, and that the passions fomented by the agitation may burst the bounds of peace. This article startled Paris, alarmed Europe, and caused prices on the *courses de Paris*,

Vienna and Berlin to fall. The press everywhere express surprise at the *Gazette's* attack on France, and wonder as to what its object is. The French papers repel the charges contained in the article, and intimate that France is better prepared now to say that Prince Bismarck is seeking a pretext for a quarrel or for the imposition of fresh army burdens. The English papers generally do not attach so much importance to the deliverance. The London *Times*, perhaps, expresses the best opinion when it says that the article is rather an expression of the general impatience at the conduct of the French, and ought to convince them that their expeditions in various parts of the world do not add in the smallest degree to their influence in Europe.

Affairs in Madagascar remain in *status quo*. Rear-admiral Galibier, who succeeds Admiral Pierre in command of the French fleet, will try to open negotiations with the Hova. He will insist upon a French protectorate over Northwest Madagascar, the abolition of the law relating to tenure of land by Europeans, and the payment to the French of 1,000,000 francs indemnity. The latter demand may be waived, however, if the others are complied with. Meanwhile, England is fretting over the treatment of Mr. Shaw, the British missionary in Madagascar, by the French, and the Conservatives in Parliament have attacked the Government for its lack of decision. Mr. Gladstone, however, has announced that France has given assurances that Mr. Shaw will have every facility for conducting his defense, and that France will do her utmost to close the incident. It appears that Mr. Shaw was arrested as a dignitary of the Hova Government and not as a British subject.

As the session of Parliament approaches its close, the Irish members grow more violent in their language. They have been encouraged by another victory at the polls, the election in Sligo County to fill a vacancy having resulted in the return of Mr. Nicholls Lynch, the Home Rule candidate, who received 1,590 votes against 1,020 for Mr. Kane O'Hara, the Conservative candidate. The House of Lords has rejected the Irish Registration Bill, but Mr. Gladstone, in expressing his regret at this action, announced that he would introduce a larger measure on the subject at the next session of Parliament. A Liberal member has also given notice that at the next session he will offer a resolution declaring that "It is desirable to grant a measure of home rule to Ireland as the best means of securing permanent peace to the Irish."

The troubles in Spain have quieted down, and King Alfonso is making a tour of the country, meeting a generally cordial greeting.—The British Government has acquired the territory of Kitim, adjoining Sherbro, West Africa.—The cholera in Egypt is gradually disappearing, though the deaths still number a hundred a day.

It is estimated from the returns now at hand, that the surplus of the Post Office Department for the year ended June 30th, 1883, will be in the neighborhood of \$2,500,000, as against \$1,400,000 for the preceding year. It is safe to infer that, even with the reduction in letter-postage, to go into effect on October 1st, the department will be more than self-sustaining.

The general prosperity of the country is proved by the rapid extension of the postal service during the past year. The number of post-offices in the United States now is 47,932, having been increased by 1,711 during the last fiscal year. This is considerably above the average growth, and the increase is by no means confined to the newer sections of the country, forty-three having been added to the list in New York State. Such figures as these tell a gratifying story of national development.

The liquor-dealers of St. Louis, who have recently defied the Sunday law passed by the Legislature, and organized for the purpose of nullifying it, have succeeded in alienating the sympathy of all right-thinking persons in the community, and general satisfaction is, therefore, expressed at the decisive attitude just assumed by Governor Crittenden in reference to the question. The Governor announces that the law must be enforced if it takes all the remainder of his official term, and it is understood that if the city officials in St. Louis fail to do their duty in prosecuting offenders, the law officers of the State will take the matter in hand. It is probable that the insolence of these violators of law and public morality will somewhat abate in the presence of this determined policy of the Governor.

GERMANY is experiencing the novel sensation of a temperance movement. It is a quarter of a century since any interest in the subject has been manifested, and the present revival is as sudden as it was unexpected. The movement is headed by Count von Moltke, indorsed by nearly all religious parties and supported by committees in every part of the country, while the former indifference has yielded almost everywhere to hearty sympathy. The promoters of the movement have taken warning by the failure of the last agitation, which was confined solely to teetotalism, and naturally made little progress in such a nation as Germany. The effort now is to promote the spread of temperance by preventing the abuse of alcohol in a country where its use is so universal, and great confidence is expressed that the agitation will result in an important reform.

A SERIOUS breach has been made in the Chinese wall raised by Congress last year, through a recent decision of Judge Nelson of the United States District Court for Massachusetts. The master of a British bark was ar-

rested in Boston for the offense of landing a Chinese laborer, the Oriental in question having shipped for a two years' voyage, but abandoned the vessel at Boston. It appeared, however, that Ah Shong was born in the island of Hong Kong, after it became a British possession in 1842, and the Court held that the anti-Chinese law applies only to persons owing allegiance to the Emperor of China, which, of course, is not the case with Ah Shong. Inasmuch as a large proportion of the Chinese immigrants have come from Hong Kong, this decision opens the way for another "incursion," and the Pacific Coast will doubtless press for an amendment of the law which will keep out the heathen Chinee, even if he did chance to be born under the British flag.

A VALUABLE contribution to the discussion regarding the sanitary effect of education was made by a recent debate in the House of Commons. A Liverpool member made the complaint, so familiar in this country, that the physical and mental powers of schoolchildren, and especially of girls, were becoming impaired by the system in vogue. Sir Lyon Playfair, however, presented statistics which showed that since the Education Act went into force in 1870, there had been a decreased mortality of about thirty-three per cent. among children between the ages of five and fifteen, and also between the ages of fifteen and twenty, while brain diseases were quite as prevalent among children during the decade before the new system was inaugurated as in the last ten years. So far as England is concerned, these facts certainly seem to prove that, although some ambitious pupils may wreck their health by overwork, the educational system is for the great mass of scholars of no less physical than mental advantage.

COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE Evans has rendered a decision of considerable importance regarding the traffic in "bitters," which in various forms are sold in immense quantities. Some of those preparations are alleged to be nothing more nor less than compounded liquors which are used as beverages, and, under the cover of being medicinal, escape the prohibition enforced in many communities against liquor selling. Before the change in the revenue laws the manufacturers of "bitters" used to pay the stamp-tax imposed on proprietary medicines, and since this has been abolished, Mr. Evans has been considering whether they might not properly be required to pay a special tax. A test case was made, and an analysis showed that the so-called medicine contained thirty-two per cent. of alcohol, sixty-four per cent. of water, and four of essential oils and flavoring extracts, which is equivalent to about eighty-two per cent. of ordinary whisky. The Commissioner, however, decides that when "bitters" are sold in good faith as a medicine, no special tax will be required, and his ruling will be welcomed not only by the manufacturers, but by many others, in regions where whisky cannot easily be procured.

SOME interesting facts are being brought out in the investigation of the labor question by a United States Senate Committee in this city. Since the failure of the telegraph operators' strike, the committee have been hearing representatives of other industries, who state their grievances and describe their efforts to secure redress. The journeyman bakers of New York appear to be about as hardy used as any class of laborers, hundreds of them averaging sixteen hours of work a day, in an almost unbearable temperature, for but a little over \$8 a week, of which half must be paid for inferior board. It is not strange that such men should form a union to secure better pay and hours, especially when fellow-workmen in other industries report their success in this direction. The Union of Lake Seamen, for example, according to its president, has obtained more than double the old wages, and greatly improved the condition of the men. The Cigar-makers' International Union claims that the hours of work have been cut down fully one-third, and the wages increased in even larger proportion since the organization was started in 1864. The president of this union declared that it was the tendency in all old labor organizations to discourage strikes, and it is reassuring to find a conservative spirit holding sway in most of these unions.

IT is reported that the rival Democratic factions in Ohio have agreed upon a truce, and that Judge Hoadly will hereafter have the support of the journalistic influences which have heretofore opposed him. It may be doubted, however, whether Judge Hoadly had improved his chances by this new bargain. In making it he has turned his back upon many of his old friends, who are full of indignation at what they consider a betrayal of the movement for party reform; and the prospect now is that the alliance which was expected to prove so beneficial will, in fact, turn out to be a source of more serious disaster than any of the other blunders which have marked the Democratic campaign. There is no doubt at all that the Republican candidate has carried himself with infinitely more dignity, and a vastly higher regard for principle, than his Democratic antagonist, and it is creditable to the party leaders in other States that they are manifesting no entire unconcern as to the result of the contest. They cannot regard Judge Hoadly as a representative Democrat, and they are quite content that he, and the methods with which he is identified, should be beaten, realizing as they do that the Democratic Party can never deserve or achieve success so long as it permits the vagrants in politics to assume the leadership and usurp its honors.

## PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

### HOW THE WORKMAN MAY ACHIEVE INDEPENDENCE.

To the Editor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:

I HAVE read with great interest the articles of Mr. Henry George on the social questions of the day, and especially those in which he discussed the wrongs of labor. I am, indeed, so deeply interested in the matter of *real practical* labor reform, and the "elevation of the homeless hosts of labor," that I risk a tumble into your capacious waste-basket in asking a limited portion of your valuable space for the expression of my views concerning it.

I pretend to be nothing but a rude, simple-minded backwoodsman, but I feel so deeply and earnestly the gravity of the situation of millions of our people, and the folly of their depending upon the law-making power, and the impotency of deeply learned and thorough logicians like Mr. George, and other "wise and prudent teachers" so popular amongst the masses, that I must speak out from my lonely little cabin in the North Michigan wilderness and tell the truth as I know it.

I know of no better way to illustrate what I deem a soul and body-saving truth to these armies of dependent wage workers, who are literally wasting their lives in wretched bondage to heartless capitalists, than to condense the story of my life from 1872 to 1882, for the way I have traveled is surely open to these homeless ones with less than one-half the sacrifice I was compelled to make.

In the Fall of 1872 I found myself reduced from a snug little competence—hard-earned to absolute penury, and from holding the plow in my own furrows, I was cast out, with less than one-half a man's physical strength, into the army of labor, and forced to accept the lowest wages at very heavy work, in a gang of five hundred lumbermen in the pine woods of Michigan. At the most I could not save over two dollars per week, and for many months, as I succeeded in saving ten or twenty dollars, it was torn away from me by some "confidential" borrower, a thief, or by sickness. Within two years I had drifted to and fro amongst many thousands of day workers, and I had to learn lessons—after passing one-half of the allotted term of man's life, in a thrifty farming community and supposing myself "educated"—that I could not have learned in a century of prosperity. These lessons brought me down from being the lightest-hearted man in ten thousand to a despairing, heart-broken wretch.

I noticed that the habits of the masses of wage-workers wherever I went amongst them—and I knew intimately many thousands—were such that even a Congressman's salary would not allow them to live within their income. I was in this army of workers during the panic of 1873, and within less than sixty days after the labor market closed, shutting down the mills and shops, I saw nineteen-twentieths of the host and all over the United States as far as I could hear who had received the highest wages paid in man's history for eight years of "unrivaled prosperity," suffering for the necessities of life, one-half on the tramp, the other half receiving public charity. And I was further forced to see that the men who had received the highest wages—from \$80 to \$200 per month—during all this season of "grand prosperity," had saved the least, and were more utterly demoralized and helpless than those receiving the lowest wages.

At last, my strength failing so I could not work in the gang, after losing full one-half of my lowest wages by contact with "unfortunate friends," with \$60—all I could save from three years' exhausting effort and by rigid economy—I fled to this forest and took a United States homestead. It looked like sheer madness to try to clear up a timbered farm with my feeble strength, starting with an ax and rude camp outfit—not fifteen dollars' worth in all—and six months' food; but the poor-house was in the rear, and there was absolutely no retreat. It was cut through, take away the big trees, or die. To condense seven years of soul-wasting struggle, I will state that my impaired strength forced me to learn easy ways by which to take off the heavy timbers, and after being reduced to the necessity of grinding corn in a coffee-mill, and eating beech-nuts to escape starvation, besides "packing" food thirty miles on a very weak back, and suffering every year more than I suffered from the first Bull Run to Fredericksburg—a fearful ordeal—I succeeded in sweeping off thirty acres of forest, and working myself up to self-employment (or government, as you please), so I could have an abundance of the common comforts of life in security for my family. Then, falling flat under the pressure of a seven years' struggle, I returned, in 1882, to the old settled country, to die, as we all supposed. But, as you see, I did not die; but, in passing through the different towns where I had worked in years past, for wages, amongst over five hundred men—men with whom I was personally acquainted (besides hosts of others whom I did not know intimately) I learned that I was the only man who had escaped to a home of his own, or could sustain himself six weeks without the permission of the employer. And I have reason to believe that not over one in five hundred of able-bodied American workingmen have become owners of their homes—of themselves—since 1872. Now, I have the most powerful reasons for asserting that very moderate economy and industry, with sober business habits, and an aim at self-employment and liberty, would have made nineteen-twentieths of this multitude independent farmers, or business men. Wherever I have seen the price of liberty paid (eternal vigilance or diligence) I have seen that one in the host receiving a most ample reward—peace, plenty and security.

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## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### Domestic.

THE New York Democratic State Convention will be held at Buffalo, September 27th.

LODGE COLLENDON, Lord Chief-Judge of England, arrived at this port on the 24th instant.

MALARIA has appeared at several of the New Hampshire health resorts and many people are ill.

ARRANGEMENTS for the rebuilding of the Kimball House, at Atlanta, Ga., are completed. The new structure is to cost \$500,000.

A CLOUD mist on a mountain near Florence, Ariz., broke last week and flooded that town, drowning a miner, and wrecking many houses.

A FOREST fire in the mountains near Feather River, Cal., had destroyed thirty miles of valuable timber at last accounts, and was still raging.

THE eastern and western ends of the Northern Pacific Railroad were formally joined at Independence Gulch, Montana Territory, on the 23d inst.

THE Presidential party, last week, reached the Yellowstone Park, having greatly enjoyed the trip through the rough mountain region of Wyoming.

AN EXPRESS wagon, loaded with Chinamen, was attacked by "rustlers," near Clifton, Arizona, last week, and four of the Chinamen were wounded, two of them fatally.

A SCORE or more of leading journalists and bankers of Germany arrived at this port last week for the purpose of taking part in the opening ceremonies of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

A GREAT reunion of the Society of Friends was held near Greenboro, N. C., last week. Nearly all the States in the Union were represented by preachers or lay delegates, and altogether some 10,000 people were present.

THE five Chinamen recently sentenced to the New Jersey State Prison threaten to bring suit for the loss of their queues, under that clause of the Constitution which prohibits any interference with the freedom of religion.

A GRAND reunion of ex-Confederate soldiers occurred at Fredericksburg, Va., last week. The attendance was quite large, the parading column being a quarter of a mile long, and the occasion was in every way enjoyable.

A COMPANY of Chinamen have taken a contract to recover the bones of their countrymen who have been buried near Belleville, N. J. The remains are placed in separate bags, which will be placed in a box for shipment to China.

THE Prohibitionists of Tennessee have resolved, in State convention, to organize for a thorough canvass of the State in favor of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture, importation, or sale of alcoholic stimulants.

DOLLARVILLE, Mich., a town of about three hundred inhabitants, and the headquarters of the American Lumber Company, was nearly destroyed by fire last week, twenty of the principal buildings being burned. Two children are reported to have been burned to death. The loss is \$120,000.

THE appearance of a disease resembling yellow fever at Pensacola, Fla., last week, caused intense excitement, and hundreds of people fled precipitately from the city. The scare subsided when it was discovered that the suspicious deaths were due to pernicious swamp fever and not yellow fever.

SEVEN hundred half-chests of adulterated tea were seized at this port last week, under the Act of last March, prohibiting the importation of tea of this description. In the chemical examination of the tea it was learned that Prussian blues, an active poison, is one of the substances used in the adulteration.

THE inauguration of the foundation of the Garfield monument, at San Francisco, took place at noon on August 24th, under the auspices of the Grand Masonic Lodge of California, assisted by the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States at Golden Gate Park. Over 100,000 persons witnessed the ceremonies.

THE Georgia Legislature, in which there are only six Republicans, has passed an Act reappportioning the Congressional representation, which gives the Republicans six certain districts out of ten, unless the Republicans themselves fail to cast their ballots. This is an act of political honesty that will redound to the lasting credit of the Georgia Democracy.

THE Knights Templar Conclave, held in San Francisco, last week, elected the following officers: Grand Master, Robert E. Wethers, of Virginia; Deputy Grand Master, Charles Room, of New York; Generalissimo, John P. S. Gobin, of Pennsylvania; Captain General, Hugh McCuddy, of Michigan; Senior Warden, J. Larue Thomas, of Kentucky; Junior Warden, George G. Perkins, of California. The Treasurer and Recorder were re-elected.

PORTIONS of Southeastern Minnesota were visited by a terrible cyclone on the 21st instant, which proved appallingly destructive to human life. A passenger train was lifted by the storm and hurled almost into fragments, nearly every person on board being either killed or injured. The City of Rochester, in Olmstead County, was struck by the wind and 250 houses were demolished, while many more were damaged. In all twenty-six persons were killed and seventy severely injured in this town alone. In all, the storm swept over a length of about sixty miles, leveling everything in its track.

### Foreign.

A GENERAL rising of Ghilzais against the Amur of Afghanistan has occurred.

THE British Government has granted a pension of £250 a year to Matthew Arnold.

CETEWATO is gathering around him a constantly growing force of armed followers in Zululand.

THE lingering illness of the Count de Chambord ended in his death at Froberg, Austria, August 24th.

THIRTEEN thousand frozen carcasses of sheep have been brought to England from New Zealand in good condition.

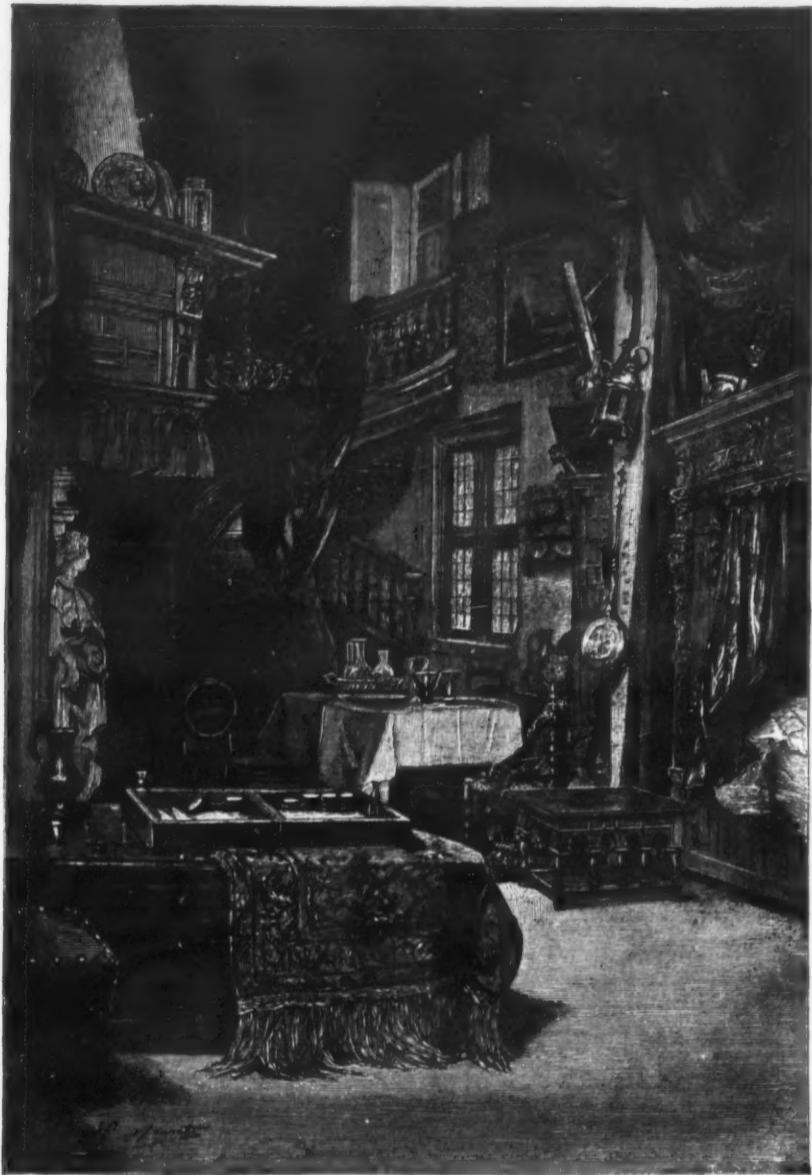
SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE will probably, on account of his poor health, resign the leadership of the Conservative Party.

BY the falling of a scaffold at the King of Bavaria's new palace at Lake Chiem, last week, twenty-three workmen were killed and seventeen injured.

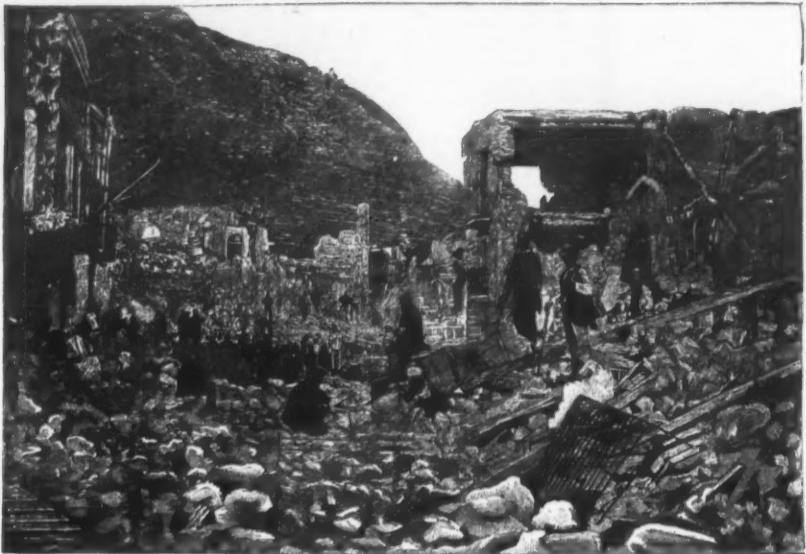
TEN colonies have accepted an invitation to attend a conference, to be held at Melbourne, for the purpose of discussing the question of the annexation of New Guinea and other islands of the Pacific.

JAMES McDERMOTT, the Irish-American, arrested in Liverpool on suspicion of complicity in the dynamite conspiracy, has been further remanded. The Government is said to have damaging evidence against him.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 23.



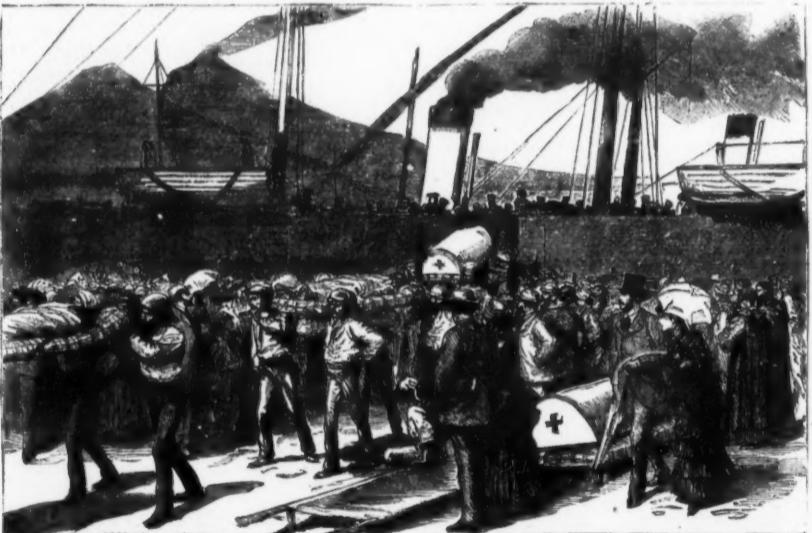
THE NETHERLANDS.—A REPRESENTATIVE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CHAMBER IN THE ART MUSEUM OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, AMSTERDAM.



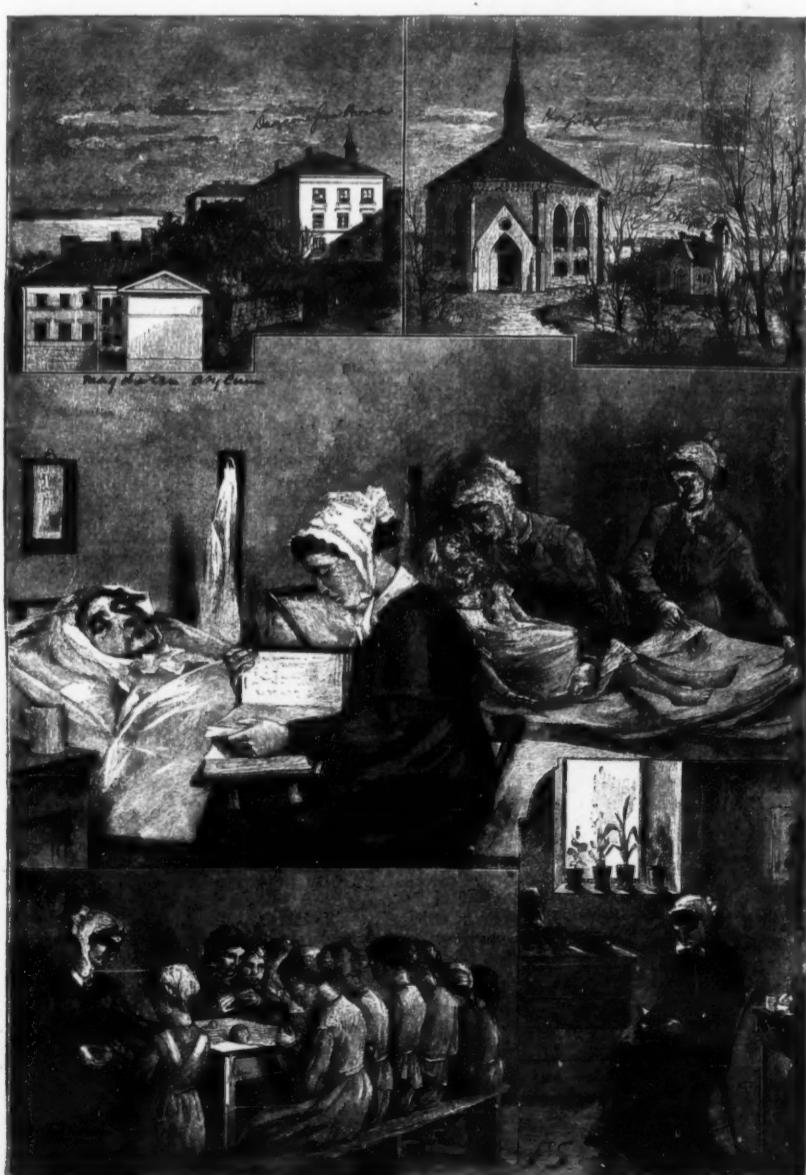
ITALY.—APPEARANCE OF A STREET IN CASAMICCIOLA, IN ISCHIA, AFTER THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE.



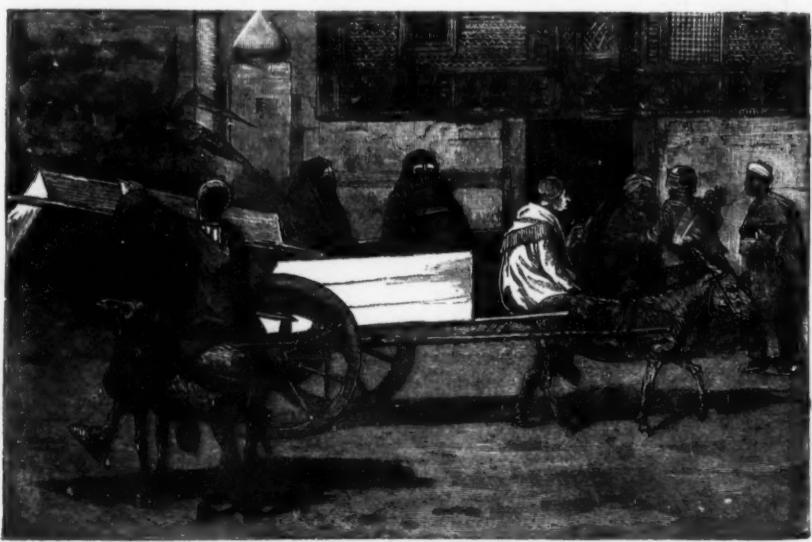
MADAGASCAR.—VISIT OF THE QUEEN BINAO TO THE FRENCH WAR-VESSEL "FLORE."



ITALY.—ARRIVAL AT NAPLES OF THE INJURED BY THE EARTHQUAKE IN ISCHIA.



SWEDEN.—THE DEACONESES' INSTITUTE, A PUBLIC CHARITY AT STOCKHOLM.



Egypt.—HOW THE CHOLERA IS SPREAD—MOURNERS RETURNING, IN A COFFIN FROM A FUNERAL.

## ILLEGIT DISTILLERIES

IN NORTH CAROLINA.

THE most serious opposition to the enforcement of the internal revenue laws has always come from the illicit distillers in the mountain region of the South. These hardy people live so far away from any market, that it would not pay to attempt to sell their surplus corn, and they have always been accustomed, like their fathers and grandfathers before them, to distill their little store of home-made liquor every year in the rudest sort of stills. Generations of uninterrupted enjoyment of this privilege had led them to consider it as an inalienable right, and they were thunderstruck when they learned that the Federal Government had outlawed their homely industry. They could not be made to believe that the Government possessed any such right to interfere with them, and they regarded the officers who attempted to enforce the law as tyrants, whom it was right to kill, if necessary, to stop their operations. Rude and ignorant people, it was difficult to reason with them, and for years a bitter warfare raged between the mountaineers and the revenue officers. Ambuscades were laid, pitched battles were fought, and the list of killed and wounded grew shockingly long. By degrees the Government gained some advantage, and of late there has been great improvement. A large proportion of the illicit distilling has been suppressed, but the blockade whisky-still is yet to be found in many a retired spot among the mountains of the Carolinas, Georgia and Tennessee. The illustration on page 17 gives an excellent idea of one of these improvised distilleries in active operation, with the revenue officers executing a surprise.

## CONEY ISLAND AMUSEMENTS.

CONEY ISLAND retains its pre-eminence as the great



HAND AND RING.—“THE CURTAINS PARTED AND DISCLOSED THE FORM OF IMOGENE. ‘I AM COMING,’ SHE MURMURED, AND STEPPED FORTH.”—SEE PAGE 26.

watering-place for the people of New York and Brooklyn, especially the large number who can only get away from their homes or shops for a few hours. West Brighton is the liveliest part of the beach, almost overflowing as it is with hotels, restaurants, bathing-houses, museums, swings, and a thousand devices for the amusement of the pleasure-seeking throng which every pleasant day surges along the shore. Perhaps nothing else affords more pleasure alike to participants and spectators than the popular merry-go-round, which from early morning to late evening makes its revolutions, laden with happy passengers, representing all classes and conditions of society. To the rural visitor this is the favorite amusement of the island, and the artist can at all times find ample opportunity for studies of character in the great crowds which congregate about it.

## A HOT DAY IN NEW YORK.

WHILE New York is by no means the hottest city in the country, there have been a few days during the present season when the temperature reached a height altogether incompatible with human comfort. There were two such days last week, when the temperature reached ninety-four degrees in the shade, and the sufferings of those exposed to the torrid rays of the sun were intense. On the 23d, especially, the heat was most oppressive, and man and beast alike succumbed to its influence. The air was moist, no breeze was stirring, and when the noonday sun looked down upon Broadway it saw not one but many thousands of wilted men and women. Among the tenement-houses the suffering was greater, perhaps, than at any time during the summer. The streets were deserted in the middle of the day, and the sweltering thousands labored and drudged in their hot and dismal rooms with no chance for relief. In



NEW YORK.—SUMMER PLEASURES—SCENE AT A MERRY-GO-ROUND, CONEY ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.

the evening they swarmed about doorsteps and hallways and filled the streets. Our illustration strikingly depicts the incidents of one of these hot days—the feverish consultation of the thermometer, the eager quest for comfort on the hasty side of the street, the prostration of man and beast by the pitiless heat. Happy are they who in such "torrid times" as these are able to find cool retreats on mountain tops or by the sea, or in fragrant forest depths where no ray of sun can ever penetrate.

### THE NIGHT BRINGS OUT THE STARS.

THE night brings out the stars. When twilight falls  
And shadows deepen upon land and sea,  
Like sentinels that march forth silently  
They come out one by one on heaven's walls,  
Soon all the far and spacious intervals  
Are filled with a most glorious company,  
Whose watch-fires blaze until the shadows flee,  
And morn the world to life and action calls.  
Even so the night of sorrow that descends  
Upon the soul brings out in bright relief  
In human character its noblest trait;  
And so when war a hapless country rends,  
The darkest hour brings forth the longed-for chief  
Who wisely shapes the destiny of the state.

J. M. H.

### PEER AND PEASANT.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

**A**ND you must leave us?" There was a ring of despair in the voice of the woman who uttered these words, and she raised her large, mournful, dark eyes appealingly to the face of the handsome young man who stood beside, leaning against a giant forest tree.

"It is necessary, Victorine; and surely you would not have me stay for ever in this little cabin, shut away from the world like a monk in a cloister?"

"You are not well yet," said the girl, in a low, hesitating voice.

"I am well enough to leave here, where I am only a burden," was the rejoinder.

The dark eyes filled with sudden tears.

"You are unkind to say that, Hugo. What we have done for you has been done cheerfully."

"But your father is a poor man, Victorine. He cannot but feel the support of a stranger very burdensome. And he refuses to accept any return."

"My father is proud," said Victorine, "and does not wish payment for the favors he bestows. And the pleasure of your society has been worth much to him. He has often said that but for you he would have been very lonely."

"What did he do for company before I came?" asked the young man. "He has lived ten years in this hut, he says."

"Ten very unhappy years, Hugo. The loneliness has seemed to him sometimes greater than he could bear."

"Well, certainly he has had no chance to be lonely lately," said Hugo, in a tone of significance.

Victorine's face paled suddenly.  
"Tell me," she said, laying her hand on her companion's arm, "why do these strange men come here night after night? My father will answer no questions. He says women should not concern themselves with such things, and he sends me to bed that I may not hear what they say. But you know all, Hugo. He confides in you, and you will tell me, I am sure."

Hugo shook his head.

"I would willingly do so," he said, "but I promised your father that I would tell you nothing, and I cannot break my word."

"These are dangerous days," said Victorine, "and there is a constant dread at my heart that my father will join the insurgents. Ledru Rollin, who leads the Red Republicans, is always wanting more men, and the fact that these strangers come here so frequently fills me with alarm."

"Then your sympathies are with our—with the throne?" said Hugo, eagerly.

"Yes; and yet I know how much cause the people have to complain. They need help; but can help come to them only through blood and riot? Is there not some other way in which their condition could be improved?"

"They have taken matters into their own hands," said Hugo; "it is too late to help them now," and he sighed heavily.

A silence fell between them, broken only by the call of the night birds through the forest. All was strangely still. A few yards away stood the little cabin which had been Victorine's home for ten long years. Henri Razi was absent, and therefore no light gleamed from the windows of his home. It stood dark and desolate beneath the tall forest trees which surrounded it.

Moved by a sudden impulse, Hugo put out his arm, and drew Victorine close to his side. "The time has come for us to say good by," he murmured, brokenly. "Oh, do not forget me when I am far away, Victorine."

She started from him with a faint cry.

"You are not going now?" she exclaimed. "Oh, Hugo, it cannot be possible that you are to leave me so soon?"

"I dreaded telling you of my departure until I could delay no longer, Victorine. My heart aches at the thought of leaving you; but I must be in Paris to-morrow. Business of importance calls me there. Give me your good wishes before I go. I shall think of you as I journey forward to-night, and picture you sleeping here, undisturbed by battle and carnage."

She did not speak. With both hands clasped over her heart she stood like a beautiful statue before him, her eyes staring straight before her, and her breath coming in short, quick gasps.

"Must I leave you in silence then, Victorine? Will you not speak a single word of farewell?" asked Hugo, as he took in a warm, close clasp one of her cold, nerveless hands.

Still she did not speak.

"You are angry, perhaps, and perhaps you have cause for anger," a quick sigh escaping his lips.

"Good-by," she said, hoarsely, her face averted from his earnest gaze. "Only a single word, Victorine? Can you part with me so coldly after all these long weeks we have been together? Ah, I see that you really care little whether I go or stay. And I—shall never forget you, Victorine, or the tenderness with which you nursed me back to health again. I remember what a vision of loveliness you seemed to me when I opened my eyes and saw you bending over me. I blessed my good fortune in having been found after my fall by your father. Surely no other father and daughter could have been so kind. Nowhere else could I have been nursed so tenderly. And after ten weeks of intimate companionship you bid me good-by as you would a stranger of yesterday."

Still she did not move or speak, and the hand he held remained unresponsive to his clasp.

"You may never see me again, Victorine," he continued. "Our paths lie far apart. Let me hear you say that you do not regret having known me."

"Why should I regret it?" she asked, turning suddenly and facing him. "You have been here ten weeks, but in that time you have told us nothing of yourself save that your name is Hugo Lascelles. You say we have been kind to you, but you have not rewarded our kindness by giving us your confidence. I o you think I owe you lasting remembrance? I o you think that you deserve that I should carry you image here," laying her hand on her heart.

The young man appeared to hesitate; then he said slowly:

"It is as well, perhaps, that you should forget me. Forgive me if my reticence has wounded you. I dare not attempt any justification. But it grows late. Farewell, Victorine. When the sun rises to-morrow I shall be far on my road to Paris."

"Farewell," she said, coldly.

She heard him turn and walk away; but she made no effort to recall him. She stood where he had left her, silent, motionless, her head bent forward on her breast: the long, silken fringes of her eyelids resting on her pale cheeks.

It was only when the sound of his footsteps had died away that she raised her head and looked about her.

"Hugo! Hugo!" She breathed the words rather than spoke them. "Gone! gone! never in this life shall we meet again!"

She went into the cabin and lighted a candle. As she did so she perceived a sheet of paper lying open on the table. She picked it up, and found upon it a few lines from her father.

"I have gone away, and cannot tell when I may return. You are safe in the cabin. Remain there until your provisions give out. Then raise the fifth board in the floor, counting from the fireplace, and take the bag you will find there. It contains sufficient money to last you several years."

"While I talked with Hugo he came and left this," she murmured. "His daughter is as nothing to him compared with his desire for power. He has left me alone to live or die, as the good God may see fit. And, had I only dared to speak, I might have won both love and station. One word would have bridged the gulf between Hugo and me. Oh, father! father! your secret has proved my doom!"

As the last word left her lips she threw up her arms with a bitter cry, and cast herself prone on the floor, her face downwards, no tears in her eyes, but hoarse, gasping sobs tearing their way from her breast, and her white, slender hands buried in her long, dark hair. For a long time she lay thus, making no effort at self-control, giving free license to the wild emotions of her burdened heart.

But at length she grew quiet, and lay motionless, as if utterly exhausted with the force of her strange passion. The moon rose slowly and shed its calm, cold light upon her; the wind sighed through the forest like a lost spirit; the hours wore on, but still she stirred not. She lay there like a dead thing, and the cold, gray light of morning found her position unchanged.

On the morning of Friday, June 20th, 1848, the City of Paris presented a scene of horror seldom equaled. In the eastern half of the city, every street had its battle, and every stone of the barricades was spotted with human gore. Each window was a loophole from which flashed the leaden death. The fight raged from house to house, from chamber to chamber. Men fired at each other from the parapets on the roofs, and the dead bodies fell heavily on the streets below. Every atrocity of civil war known among savages was perpetrated on the prisoners by the insurgents. Beaten from barricade to barricade, they were unable to guard their captives and condemned them to die as fratricides. The young men of the Mobile Guard, nearly all natives of Paris, and heroes of the barricades of the preceding February, were treated by the insurgents as traitors. Some of them were decapitated, and their heads stuck on pikes, and, surmounted by the military hat, served as banners on the heights of several barricades. In the Pantheon, near the tomb of Voltaire, a Mobile Guard was crucified. At other points they were disemboweled and placed in front of the barricades to strike their comrades with horror.

Nothing was heard but the discharge of the musketry, the thunder of the cannon, the roll of the drum, and the shrieks of women. The combatants uttered no cry, but pursued in silence the work of death. The beautiful city presented a most changed appearance from what it had borne before the beginning of the uprising. And the Palace of the Tuilleries, with its magnificent furniture, its velvet and satin-covered chairs, its soft Turkey carpets, its tapestried chambers, its luxurious apartments

of every description, was turned into a hospital!

In the Quarter St. Jacques, on the Rue Sormonne, the battle had raged for seven long hours, and the dead and dying lay in every direction. The troops had moved on, and a few of the Red Republicans were engaged in removing their wounded to the hospitals, when, making her way slowly through the scene of carnage, came a young girl, alone. Her long, dark hair hung in wild confusion over her shoulders; her dress, that of a peasant, was torn and soiled; her shoes were broken and worn, and she seemed ready to fall with fatigue. But still she went on, her large, lustrous eyes scanning with a look of horror the blood-stained, smoke-begrimed faces upturned to the leaden sky. She appeared to be searching for some one, and paid no attention to the rude glances cast upon her.

Suddenly she gave a wild, unearthly cry, and fell on her knees beside the body of a young man dressed in the uniform of the Royalists.

"My dream!" she moaned. "The vision of my dream!"

She tore aside the coat, and pressed her hand to the young officer's heart.

"It beats!" she cried. "Oh, my God! he is alive! Men, men, give me help to bear him to a place of safety."

"Help to bear a Monarchist?" cried the man in answer. "You ask too much."

"Let me put him where he'll need no help," said a rough-looking fellow, springing forward with a bayonet in his hand. "Vive la République Sociale!"

But before he could strike the blow his murderous heart dictated, the girl had covered the body of the young officer with her own.

"Coward!" she cried; "to seek to kill a fallen man!"

There was the sudden sound of a horse's hoofs, and an officer, on whose breast glittered the star of the Legion of Honor, drew rein before the prostrate woman.

"What does this mean?" he cried. "Put up your bayonet, man; would you strike a woman?"

The girl sprang to her feet. "Help me, general," she cried, passionately. "God will for ever bless you, if you give aid to me now. There lies one whose life is dearer far to me than my own. Protect him; let me remove him to a hospital where I can nurse and care for him."

She looked so beautiful, so brave, as she stood there, her dark eyes wore a look of such passionate appeal, that the general's heart softened.

"It shall be as you desire," he said. "I will act as your body-guard, my brave girl."

Half an hour later the young officer so miraculously saved lay in a comfortable bed in the house of a kind American, tenderly guarded and cared for by the dark-eyed girl who had dared so much for his sake.

But it was many days before he knew anything of what was passing around him; days in which he lay in the valley of the shadow of death, deaf to the tender words whispered in his ear, blind to the anguish in the face of his sweet nurse, unconscious of the tears which fell fast on his face as she bent over him.

But the crisis was safely passed at last, and the blue eyes opened once more with a look of intelligence.

"Where am I?" the pallid lips asked, faintly.

"With me, Hugo," answered the nurse, bending over him, a world of gladness in her lustrous eyes.

He smiled as if well content. Too weak to make further inquiry, he was satisfied with the knowledge that Victorine was near him.

It was from the doctor that he learned how his life had been saved, and how an altering had been the courage and care of the girl he had thought never to see again when he left her in the desolate cabin in the forest.

"Victorine!" he said, one day when he was feeling almost well again, and was sitting by the window with his gentle nurse beside him. "I haven't spoken to you yet of what I owe you. I wanted to wait until I was strong enough to talk with you about it. Tell me, why did you come to Paris?"

Victorine shuddered, and her cheek paled.

"The night you left me I had a vision," she answered. "I saw you lying in the street, wounded and helpless. About you were soldiers, removing the dead and dying. Suddenly you raised your head, and uttered the single word 'Come!' Then all was blank about me. I saw no more. But I lost no time. I knew that heaven had sent a message, and that I must obey it. I set out on foot for Paris, and reached there five hours before I found you. I knew from the first that my search would not be in vain."

"Victorine, I have a confession to make. From the first hour I met you I loved you, I think. But between us was a gulf I feared to cross. I am not plain Hugo Lascelles, I am a marquis, the son of the Duke de Villars, and my blood is among the oldest of the land. I feared my father's displeasure should I mate with one so lowly as the daughter of a poor peasant. I determined to leave you before my heart mastered my reason. But the longing to know if my love was returned proved too great for resistance, and I sought on the evening of my departure to learn your heart. I became convinced that you did not care for me. You were cold and even unkind. So I left you and came to Paris, eager to help my friends in this conflict. It was from your father that I knew of the fresh rebellion which was to shake all Paris. He was a bitter insurgent."

"He is dead," said Victorine. "My poor father! He had suffered many wrongs at the hands of the Monarchy. Victor, I, too, have a confession to make. I knew from the first who you were, for you told your secret in your delirium."

"And you did not reveal it!" cried Hugo. "Victorine! that was noble; for you know

your father's hatred of all connected with the throne!"

"My father was not a poor peasant, Hugo: but a noble, exiled fifteen years ago because of his political opinions. He found life unbearable out of France, and returned, disguised as a peasant, and secluded himself in that forest."

"Victorine! Ah, then my father will not refuse to give you a daughter's place in his heart. Be my wife, dearest—my sweet, devoted wife! Ah, cannot you love me? Victorine, your coldness was not genuine when we parted!"

"No; I dared not permit you to know my feelings. I knew that as long as you believed me the daughter of a peasant your filial duty would not permit you to marry me. But my father's death has unsealed my lips, and, Hugo, I am yours for time and eternity."

He drew her to his arms, and, with a heart too full for words, pressed on her lips the seal of betrothal.

### PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

(Continued from page 19.)

Throughout this wilderness, in every township, can be found men who tell the story with ax and plow, climbing up from utter penury to complete independence in five to ten years' time, and that by labor alone, without a single "sharp" trade or speculation—all by trusting to the God of Nature, and making a business of religion every day. And this story says, in terms as emphatic as the thunders of Mount Sinai, that never before in human history has there been such truly glorious and perfect liberty (or opportunity) offered to poor men for the escape of ninety-nine one hundredths of all the woes that afflict the homeless and dependent as are found to day in the newer portions of the United States, and particularly in Northern Michigan.

I have been compelled to look at this labor question under the microscope, where the high and mighty reasoners, great and kind-hearted as many of them are, have looked at it from a distance with a telescope, and I am obliged to see—very much against my will—while examining the individual atoms of nationality at the very bottom of the social sea, that no kind of legislation can possibly affect permanently the condition of the poor classes in the United States; at least for half a century to come.

With cheap or free lands on the same continent there would never have been the slightest murmur of discontent amongst Irish or other European workers. Where the English, Scotch and other down-trodden men of despotic governments will cross thousands of miles of land and water, and, hungry for home and liberty, seize upon the rich, cheap soil with bare hands, using only an ax, spade and mattock, and work themselves above the dangers of a fluctuating labor market in five years' time, millions of able-bodied Americans go through life feasting paupers and beggars in broadcloth, thrusting the freely proffered cup of independence from their lips, resorting to the "strike" and looking to war measures or to the law making power to raise them out of their bondage to capital. When I see these multitudes of able-bodied Americans drifting into deadly hostility to the employing class, and know as well as I know that I exist that the poor class of every other age or clime would seize upon the opportunities before the American workers of to-day with the same emotions that the drowning sailor feels when he finds a life-line within his grasp, and shout themselves hoarse with glad thanksgiving, I cannot refrain from exclamation; I should give up the ghost if I did not cry out. Although Jay Gould runs vast lines of railroad and luxuriates in his splendid yacht, I, with my little plot of clearing in the forest, with my pig and cow, with \$1,000 capital, am as independent as he, and I defy him and all earthly powers, high or low, to "enslave and oppress" me if they can. And I am but one in a host—and the least one—who has solved the question of Capital vs. Labor.

"Victorine!" he said, one day when he was feeling almost well again, and was sitting by the window with his gentle nurse beside him. "I haven't spoken to you yet of what I owe you. I wanted to wait until I was strong enough to talk with you about it. Tell me, why did you come to Paris?"

Yours, CHAS. H. BARLOW.  
EVART, Osceola County, Mich.</

foreign lands. The exhibition is to be held in the building of the Mechanics' Charitable Association, which brings under one roof an area of seven acres, and the display of foreign goods will be unequalled by any other exhibition in America except the Centennial of 1876. The opening exercises will take place on September 3d. Short speeches will be made by descendants of the signers of the treaty of peace, the anniversary of which will be commemorated on that day, and by old residents of Boston. Everything promises a most successful exhibition.

Hon. Nathaniel J. Bradlee, President of the Foreign Exhibition Association, is one of the most prominent citizens of Boston, and has been connected with all its most important enterprizes. For two years he has occupied the position of President of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, of which he has been a member since early youth. Besides the superior business capabilities which have made him successful in carrying on an extensive private business, his high character and standing have proved of great service in securing success for the Foreign Exhibition.

Hon. Frederic W. Lincoln, Treasurer of the Association, is a well-known citizen of Boston, and was Mayor of that city for several years. He has been at the head of some of the most important financial institutions of the city, and his experience and conservatism has been of practical value in carrying out the objects of the Exhibition.

General C. B. Norton, Secretary of the Association, is widely known in connection with the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, and as commissioner to the expositions of the present century which have left their impression on the art and manufactures of the age. He was connected with the Crystal Palace Exhibition which took place in New York in 1853, with the Paris Exposition in 1867, the Vienna Exposition in 1873, and also the exhibitions in Melbourne and in Rio de Janeiro. The idea of a foreign exhibition in Boston is entirely due to General Norton. He served through the war of the Rebellion, and rose from the ranks to the position of brigadier-general.

#### THE GEYSER REGION IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR will find few sights in his tour of the Yellowstone to surpass that presented in the Upper Geyser Basin, which comprises within its limits the principal geysers of the National Park. The more important of these are on the Firehole River, shortly before the Little Firehole River empties into it. The surface of the basin consists of a succession of ridges and knolls, crowned with geysers and boiling springs. Clouds of steam hang like a pall over the region, and columns of vapor float upwards, while the earth is full of rumbling and gurgling sounds, and the air is laden with sulphurous fumes. Stupendous fountains of boiling water, veiled in spray, shoot towards heaven at varying heights, the Giant and the Bee Hive reaching a height of 200 feet. From a high mound near Old Faithful, the crater of an extinct geyser, the entire band of geysers may be seen and heard as they give their concert with hot-water trumpets in perfect diapason, each performer at irregular intervals taking a solo part, and uttering his loudest tones in harmonic combination. The effect is wonderfully grand, and visitors who have seen the most famous geysers of New Zealand and Iceland say that nowhere else is to be found a group which compares in magnificence with this basin in the Yellowstone.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### The Amsterdam Exposition.

"Museum of Retrospective Art" is the title of an interesting annex to the Amsterdam Exposition, though it is unfortunately placed so that it escapes the eye of many visitors. Yet it is of deep interest and would require a volume to describe it. Holland is one of the richest countries of Europe, and has been less torn by internal revolutions than most continental countries. The wealthy families have contributed articles of every generation for centuries back, and these have been arranged with consummate skill by Mr. Van der Kellen, the director, so that you pass through a succession of chambers, each reproduction of a Dutch interior of a distinct epoch. The walls have the look of age; lights, windows, curtains, furniture, dining-table and its contents, all correspond, in each case, with absolute accuracy and fidelity.

##### The Earthquake at Ischia.

We have already given the essential facts as to the terrible earthquake which, on the evening of July 28th, suddenly laid waste nearly the whole of the beautiful island of Ischia, in the Bay of Naples, destroyed the town of Casamicciola, and caused considerable damage to Lacco, Ameno and Forio—the number of persons killed and injured being estimated at between 4,000 and 5,000. We now give an illustration, from a photograph, of one of the ruined streets of Casamicciola after the disaster. Casamicciola consisted of a row or two of houses, and a little piazza on the shore level, the rest of the town rising abruptly on the hillside, on which it scattered itself in a capricious and irregular manner, which gave it a singularly picturesque and agreeable aspect, as seen from the sea. Hotels, pensions and private houses seemed to have perched themselves capriciously here and there among their gardens and orange groves, and some of the streets in the upper town ran in the same way along the edges of natural terraces in the hillside. This conformation of the town added to the horrors of its situation after the earthquake. In some cases houses falling bodily from above crushed others standing on a lower level. In others whole buildings have toppled from the little cologne of vantage on which they stood, into the adjacent valley, forming masses of masonry, dislodged earth and half-uprooted trees, which rendered the task of regular excavation and search for the bodies of almost superhuman difficulty. In Naples harrowing scenes were enacted on the arrival of the wounded, who were at once removed to hospital and carefully tended. King Humbert himself rode about the city inspecting the hospitals and arrangements for the sufferers, to whom he addressed many a word of encouragement, while in all parts of Italy, as, indeed, throughout Europe, bountiful subscription-lists have been set on foot for the relief of the sufferers. The total number of killed fully equals the first estimate of 4,000 victims.

##### The Cholera in Egypt.

It is easy, from our picture on page 20, to understand how the cholera is spread in Egypt. The incident represented is by no means an unusual or exaggerated case. A funeral has taken place. The shell used for conveying the body to the grave—a large, open, coffin-shaped box, furnished with handles—has been put on to a donkey-cart, and the hired mourners have availed themselves of it as a conveyance. No process of fumigation has been gone through; and these people are actually sitting in the place where, a few moments before, the corpse has rested. A similar shell is being carried by a man on a donkey. These pass through the streets; no notice is taken of them, and the people who, if cholera be a contagious disease, must have become impregnated with it, mingle with the densely crowded population of a filthy native quarter.

##### Deaconesses and their Work in Stockholm.

The community of women founded by Pastor Fleiderer at Kaiserwerth, Prussia, in 1836, to do the work of mercy and charity attended to by the various Sisterhoods in Catholic countries, met a great want of our time, and soon spread to other countries, the founder having even visited America to

establish a house at Pittsburgh. The Deaconesses were introduced into Stockholm in 1850 by Maria Cederschild, and were so cordially received that a site for a new institution was selected in 1851 at Kungsholmen. Here they direct a school opened October 24th, 1872; an hospital erected by the architect Stehman, with a chapel and a Magdalene Asylum. Our picture on the right shows the chapel and school: that on the left, the Magdalene Asylum in the foreground, the Deaconesses' house at the side, with the hospital in the background. Since 1881, 302 patients have been received, of whom 243 were cured. The number of magdalens in 1881 was 50, of whom 30 remained in the institution at the close of the year. There were in 1881, 94 Deaconesses, 23 of whom were professed Sisters; the Superior is Clara Eckerstrom. Our illustrations shows also these good women attending the sick and dying, teaching in their schools and in the retirement of their plain apartments.

##### The French in Madagascar.

The young Queen Binao, now only seventeen years of age, who rules over an important part of Madagascar near Nossi-Be, has maintained friendly relations with the French throughout the recent difficulties. On a recent occasion she visited the French cruiser, the *Floré*, accompanied by a retinue, and was received with the honors befitting her position. Nossi-Be is the centre of the principal French settlements in Madagascar, and the friendship of the Queen is under the circumstances very important to them and the furtherance of their ends.

#### A King's New Palace.

THE new country-seat of King Louis II. of Bavaria, at Neuschwanstein (New Swan's Stone) is the most magnificent of his numerous castles, and in point of size may be ranked with the most celebrated palaces on the Continent. Neuschwanstein stands on the isolated Tegelrock, opposite to the well-known Hohenschwangau, and two drawbridges connect it with the carriage roads on either side. The castle has a height of six stories, with rich decorative architecture in pure Italian style, and numerous balconies and corner-turrets, all in solid granite. In the middle a great watch-tower rises to 360 feet in height, with two verandas near the top, from which a grand view of the Bavarian Highlands may be enjoyed. The roof of the palace is covered with copper, crossed diagonally by gilded plates. An enormous court leads to the majestic portal, which is a marvel of the stonecutter's art. The front of the right wing of the castle is decorated with two fresco paintings, forty feet high, one of which represents St. George fighting the Dragon, and the other the Virgin Mary with the Child, as the protectress of Bavaria. The pediment of this wing bears a bronze herald in ancient armor, holding the Bavarian standard, while the left side is protected by a bronze Bavarian lion. The interior of this royal residence is highly decorated by innumerable statues and double columns in the style of a Genoese palace, and the splendor of the state-rooms can scarcely be described. The ceilings are overloaded with decorative stucco-work, while the walls are embellished with fresco paintings by the first Munich artists. The subjects of these paintings are taken from the history of the Bavarian Kings from 1805 to 1867, from episodes of the Franco-German war of 1870-71, in which Bavarian troops took part, and also from the last music-dramas of Richard Wagner, the "Ring of Nibelung" and "Parsifal." The floors of the halls are either of mosaic-work or of various woods in harmonious patterns. The King's apartments are on the sixth story which, besides his study, private library, and bedchamber, only include an audience chamber for receiving the Ministerial reports. The royal study is decorated with the marble busts of the King's parent, of Richard Wagner, General von der Tahn, Herr von Lutz and Augustus Heigl, the royal private secretary, besides a painting representing a scene from Wagner's "Rhinegold." It was in this chamber that King Louis received the news of the sudden death of his friend Wagner a few weeks ago. The fourth and fifth stories contain the large halls, destined for the extensive library, and the collection of arms and coins. The ground floor includes a grand staircase with gold decorations. The entire castle is illuminated by electrical lamps—Jablochekoff candles in the courts, and Swan and Edison lamps in the interior. Even the royal stables are decorated with fresco paintings, which represent prehistoric scenes.

#### Suicide in Germany.

GERMAN philosophers have been much exercised lately by the hideous statistics relating to suicide in their country. The mania for self-murder is manifested to a terrible extent in Berlin, and a very large number of those who fall victim to it belong to what are called the higher classes. The London *Graphic* remarks: "Perhaps the facts cannot be satisfactorily explained; but it is impossible not to associate them to some extent with the decay of religious belief in Germany. It would be absurd, of course, to say that there is any necessary connection between skepticism and suicide; but there are certainly multitudes of men who, when they suddenly throw off old restraints, are tempted to plunge into a kind of life that may easily lead to disaster. For many thousands of Germans gambling seems to have an irresistible fascination; and gambling both at the Bourse and at the card-table is understood to have been the direct cause of some of the most recent instances of suicide in the German capital. Probably poverty also accounts for a considerable number of cases. After the Franco-German war it was hoped that Germany would soon become as rich as she was powerful; but these anticipations have not been realized. The vast military system of the country crushes its industrial energies, and the struggle for existence in the great cities has become, to the mass of the people, almost intolerable. Many unfortunate men and women seem to kill themselves for no other reason than that they are tired of a conflict which they have to carry on without the consolations that sustained less materialistic generations. The subject is a very complicated and painful one, and we do not wonder that it causes much anxiety to serious and patriotic Germans."

#### Death-roll of the Week.

AUGUST 18TH.—At Cardiff, Wales, William Wirt Sikes, United States Consul and a well-known writer, aged 46. *August 19th*.—At York, Pa., Jeremiah S. Black, the famous lawyer, aged 73. *August 20th*.—At Newark, N. J., Major Thomas O'Connor, Speaker of the New Jersey Assembly, aged 50; at Long Branch, N. J., Charles W. Griswold, formerly a well-known hotel man, aged 55; at Boston, Mass., Rev. William M. Baker, a successful author, aged 58. *August 21st*.—At Jersey City, N. J., John Neilson, formerly a New York merchant, aged 87. *August 22*.—At Riverdale, N. Y., Edward Prime, formerly a prominent New York banker, aged 81; at London, England, Right Rev. Francis Kerril Amherst, formerly Roman Catholic Bishop of Northampton, aged 63; at Paris, France, Etienne Enault, a well-known French author, aged 66. *August 23*.—At Boulder City, Col., William H. Hagaman, Assistant Prosecutor of Essex County, N. J., aged 56; at Stonington, Conn., John A. Burnham, a prominent railroad man, of Boston, aged 72; at Chambersburg, Pa., J. McDowell Sharpe, a prominent lawyer and member of the Legislature, aged 53. *August 24th*.—At Carmel, N. Y., James D. Little, ex-District Attorney and editor of the *Putnam County Courier*, aged 52; at Philadelphia, Pa., William H. King, Assistant Surgeon of the Medical Department, United States Army, at Greenville, S. C., William Middleton, formerly attaché of the American Legation in Russia, aged 74.

#### Facts of Interest.

NOT over ten per cent. of the receipts for tolls at the Brooklyn Bridge are in pennies. A great many five cent pieces are turned in, and quite a number of nickel three-cent pieces.

AT the end of the year 1882 the deposits in the English Post Office Savings Bank were nearly £40,000,000. During the year over a quarter of a million new depositors opened accounts with the bank.

NEW GLARUS is a Swiss settlement in Wisconsin. It was founded in 1845 by 108 persons, and now has 4,000, who hold fast to their integrity in race, language and customs. The original purchase consisted of two square miles. At the outset notice was given in their Switzerland home that every man who made his way to the colony should have a farm of twenty-two acres rent free for ten years, and then absolute ownership for \$2.50 an acre.

WAYNE COUNTY, New York, is the chief peppermint-producing district, it furnishing two-thirds of the supply. The mint is cut, and after standing a few hours to wilt is then distilled in a large vat. The mint is packed in solidly, then the cover is clamped down and securely packed to prevent the escape of steam. The pressure of thirty to forty pounds of steam volatilizes the oil of the mint and carries it off in a tube where specific gravity causes separation. The oil is packed in tin cans or glass demijohns holding about twenty pounds each. Sometimes turpentine or oil of hemlock is used to adulterate with.

A SHORT time ago the Director of the Opera House in Munich and a well-known novelist married two of the leading actresses in that city. After a brief period of conjugal happiness they got mutually tired of one another and applied for divorces. The husbands now openly announce that as soon as the matrimonial knot has been untied they will exchange wives.

CIGAR-BOXES are not, as many smokers may suppose, all made out of cedar. One firm in Boston, which supplies much of the New England trade, makes 1,450 boxes a day, two-thirds of which are made out of poplar. These are \$2.50 per hundred cheaper than cedar. Much of the poplar comes from Kentucky and costs \$15 per 1,000 feet, while the cedar, which comes from Cuba, costs \$30 to \$40 per 1,000. To give the appearance of cedar the poplar is stained, then run through a machine to give the effect of the grain, then flavored by the cigarmakers to give the cedar odor.

BEFORE the war Alabama raised a great deal of cotton and not much of anything else; now she produces much corn, beats some Northern States in the production of oats, finds profit in pork and wool, and has a pleasing assortment of mines and mills. She also raises ten per cent. more of cotton than she did ten years ago. She has also doubled the number of her farms.

THE longest trestle in the world is now building across Lake Pontchartrain, on the Northwestern Railway. It will be two and a half miles in length, and requires, besides the piles, 15,000,000 feet of lumber.

TOM THUMB is dead, but Dakota can boast of a man that is even smaller—Comodore Dwiggin, of Miller, Da. Mr. Dwiggin is twenty-seven years old, weighs about eighty pounds, and is three feet and four inches in height.

A CHESTER (S. C.) horse was scared to death by a bicycle the other day. It was seized by violent trembling, became unmanageable for a few minutes and then died. It was declared a clear case of "scared to death."

A REMBRANDT SOCIETY has been established at Amsterdam, the object of which is to purchase all valuable drawings and paintings of the old Dutch school which may come into the market in order to prevent them from leaving the country. Pictures thus preserved to Holland are to be offered at moderate prices to the public museums and galleries of the country.

WHAT are called "peanuts" in Virginia are known as "ground peas" in North Carolina, "goobers" in Tennessee, and "binders" in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. Virginians are beginning to turn their peanuts into flour.

THE German Emperor has presented two new bells to the famous Louise Church in Charlottenburg, which are to be rung for the first time on the anniversary of Sedan. The Empress has ordered one of them to be engraved with a relief portrait of the late Queen Louise of Prussia, with the motto, "As the Lord willed it, so it was done." The other bears a relief portrait of the Emperor, with the motto (suggested by him), "In faith there is charity and hope."

THE average cut of lumber in Oregon and Washington Territory for the past thirty-five years has been in round numbers 72,000,000 feet. Let us assume that for the next thirty years it will be three times as much, or 216,000,000 feet a year. At that rate of forest destruction it would take 740 years to exhaust the timber now growing from the Columbia to the Fraser, and from the sea backwards to the eastern slopes of the Cascade Mountains. At an average lumber consumption of 500,000,000 feet a year there is forest sufficient to last 320 years, and in that time the timber first cut would be reproduced.

THE former private secretary to General Santa Anna says it was the purpose of the late Maximilian to abdicate, establish a republic in Mexico, and declare himself President for the first four years.

TELEGRAPHIC communication in European languages is now open between the Hedjaz province of Arabia and Europe or India, via the Soudan, by means of a cable crossing the Red Sea from Jeddah to Souakin on the Egyptian coast.

TO INSURE the safety of any one compelled to descend into co-spoils or places filled with foul gas it is necessary to lower, by means of a string or wire, a tin pan (or other flat vessel) containing a small quantity of ordinary gunpowder, and then ignite that by dropping live coals on it. After the explosion it is well to lower a lighted candle to the bottom. If it continues to burn it can be taken as a sure test that all danger is removed, and the descent can safely be made.

THE German Admiralty are to try the experiment of sending a completely equipped hospital ship with the Baltic squadron on its evolutionary cruise. The ultimate intention is that, in any future naval war, a ship of this kind shall accompany the fleet into action, carrying the Geneva flag, and having her hull painted white, with a red stripe, in order that the enemy shall be able to distinguish her from a combatant, and so refrain from firing at her.

IT IS seriously proposed that several of the European Powers should unite in the suppression of Mohammedan pilgrimages to Mecca by the occupation of the Holy City, which is so charged with pestilence almost always and which sends so frequently the scourge of cholera over Egypt and the East.

FROM statistics recently published, it appears that there are in the world no fewer than 3,985 paper mills, producing every year 959,000 tons of paper from all kinds of substances, including rags, straw and alpaca. About one-half is printed upon; and of these 476,000 tons of paper, nearly 300,000 tons are used by newspapers. The various Governments consume, in official business, 100,000 tons; schools, 90,000 tons; commerce, 120,000 tons; industry, 90,000, and private correspondence another 90,000 tons. Including women and children, the paper trade employs 192,000 hands.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

DR. GUSTAVS NACHTIGAL, celebrated for his travels in Africa, has been appointed German Consul at Tunis.

FRANCIS H. HOWE, son of the late Postmaster-general, has been promoted to the position of Assistant Collector to the Treasury.

MR. WINDOM, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, was entertained at a banquet in London, last week, by a number of British and American friends.

MR. ASHER B. DURAND, the oldest of American painters, celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday at his residence at South Orange, N. J., on August 21st.

QUEEN VICTORIA has asked Tennyson to write a poem on John Brown, her deceased servant, and Sir William Leighton to paint his portrait, and both are disgusted.

DR. F. W. P. BUTLER, son of the South Carolina Senator, was thrown from his horse while riding with a lady at Lancaster, S. C., last week, and fatally injured.

THE will of the late Bishop Peck has been probated. He gave \$50,000 to the Syracuse University, and the remainder of his estate, about \$2,500, is to be administered.

LEONARD HUXLEY, eldest son of Professor Huxley, has taken a first class in final classes at Oxford, the highest honor in classical studies which the university now has to offer.

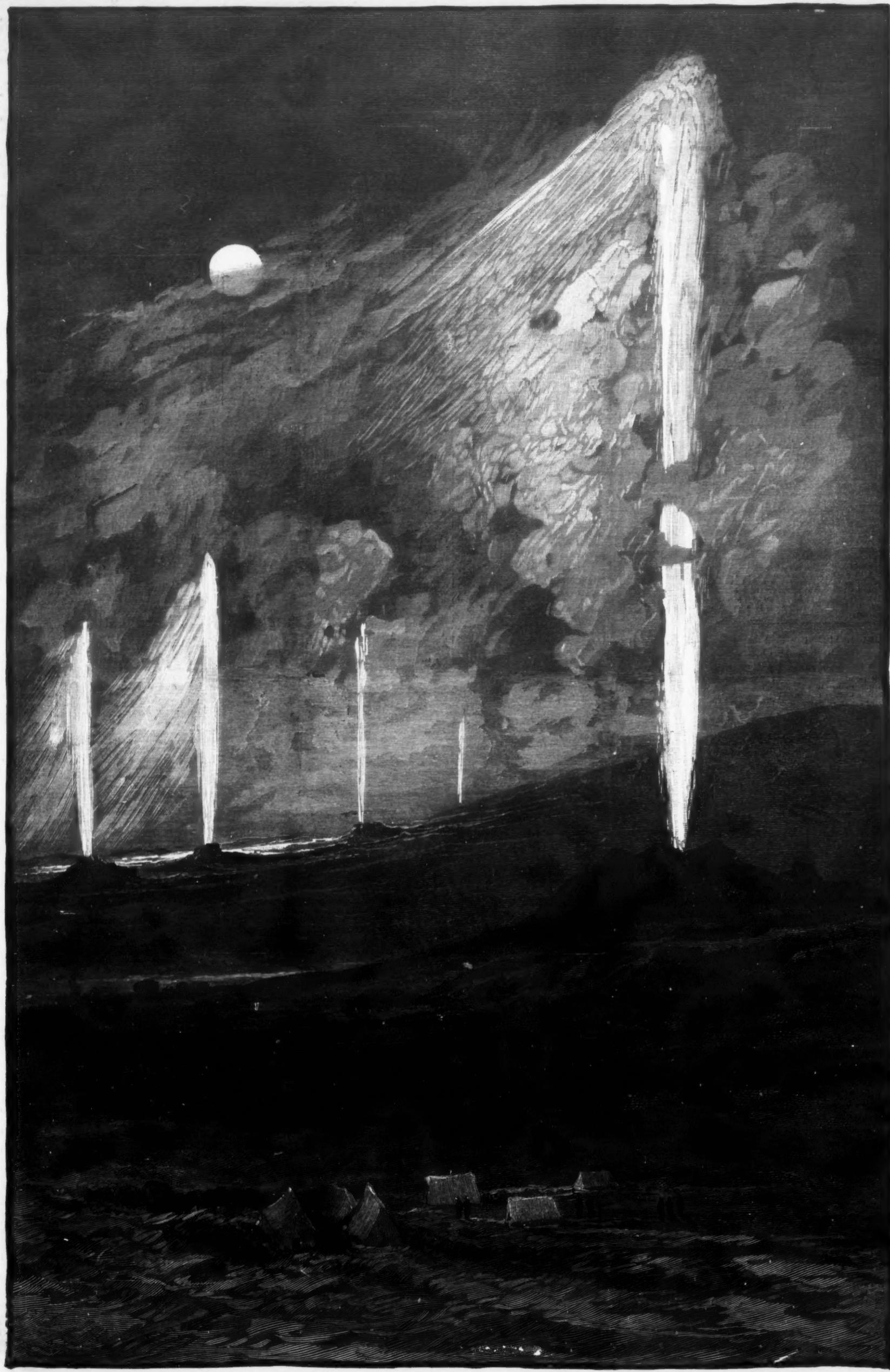
SEVEN years have elapsed since James Lick, the California millionaire, at his death, left a vast amount of property for public uses, and not a dollar has reached the designated objects.

MR. FOOTE, our Minister to Corea, does not like his house. It is made of wood and paper, with paper windows, and is situated in an undesirable location, in the midst of hovels and filth.

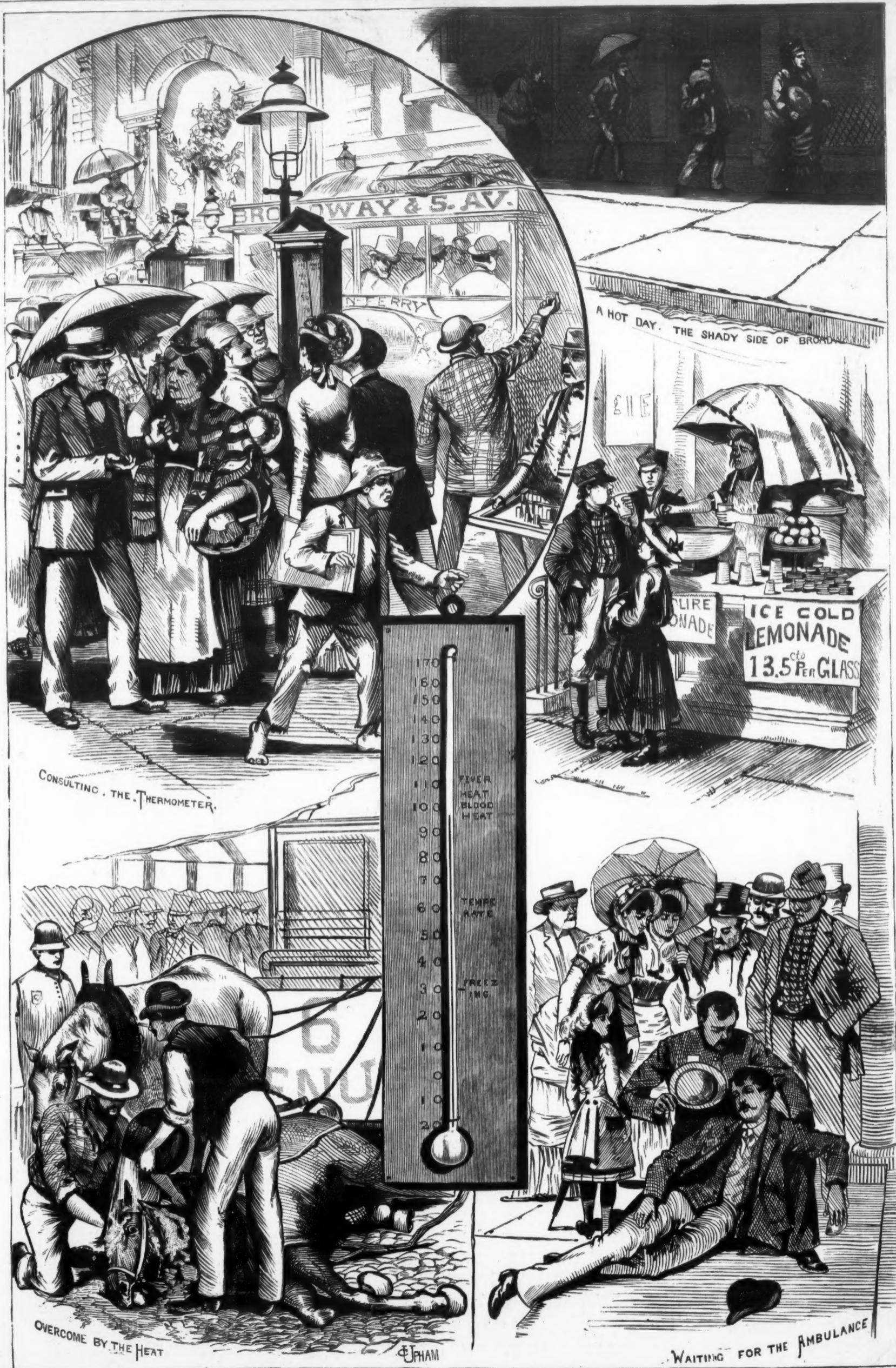
KING LOUIS of Bavaria has ordered a single private performance of "Parafal," at the Opera House in Munich, with all the effects. The King sits alone in a curtained box, unseen. It costs him \$12,500.

SENATOR ALLISON, of Iowa, is almost crushed with grief at the tragic death of his wife, and, of course, has abandoned all active political work, but it is believed that his friends will the more earnestly work for his reelection.

PRINCE BISMARCK passes his time at Friederichsruhe in directing the improvements on his farm. He spends



PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S VISIT TO THE AMERICAN WONDERLAND.—GENERAL VIEW IN UPPER GEYSER BASIN,  
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.—FROM PHOTOS AND SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 23.



A HOT DAY IN NEW YORK.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 21.

## HAND AND RING.

[CONTINUED.]

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,  
AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "THE SWORD  
OF DAMOCLES," "THE DEFENSE OF THE  
BRIDE," ETC., ETC.

## BOOK III.

## THE SCALES OF JUSTICE.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.—(CONTINUED).

THE curtains parted and disclosed the form of Imogene. "I am coming," she murmured, and stepped forth more like a faintly breathing image than a living woman.

His first glance at her face convinced him she had taken her resolution. His second, that in taking it she had drifted into a state of feeling different from any he had observed in her before, and of a sort that to him was wholly inexplicable. Her words when she spoke only deepened this impression.

"Mr. Ferris," said she, coming very near to him in evident dread of being overheard. "I have decided to tell you all. I hoped never to be obliged to do this. I thought enough had been revealed to answer your purpose. I—I believed Heaven would spare me this last trial—let me keep this last secret. It was of so strange a nature, so totally out of the reach of any man's surmise. But the finger of God is on me. It has followed this crime from the beginning, and there is no escape. By some strange means, some instinct of penetration, perhaps, you have discovered that I know something concerning this murder which I have never yet told you of, and that the hour I spent at Professor Darling's is accountable for this knowledge. Sir, I cannot struggle with Providence. I will tell you all I have hitherto hidden from the world if you will promise to let me know if my words will prove fatal, and if he who is on trial for his life will be lost if I give to the court my last evidence against him."

"But, Miss Dare," remonstrated the District attorney, "no man can tell—" He did not finish his sentence. Something in the feverish gaze she fixed upon him stopped him. He felt that he could not palter with a woman in the grasp of an agony like this. So, starting again, he said: "Let me hear what you have to say, and afterwards we will consider what the effect of it may be, though a question of expediency should not come into your consideration. Miss Dare, in telling such truths as the law demands."

"No?" she broke out, giving way for one instant to a low and terrible laugh that curdled Mr. Ferris's blood and made him wish that his duty had led him into the midst of any other scene than this.

But before he could remonstrate with her, this harrowing expression of misery had ceased, and she was saying in quiet and suppressed tones:

"The reason I did not see and respond to the girl who came into the observatory on the morning of Mrs. Clemens's murder is that I was so absorbed in the discoveries I was making behind the high rack that shuts off one end of the room, that any appeal to me at that time must have passed unnoticed. I had come to Professor Darling's house, according to my usual custom on Tuesday mornings, to study astronomy with his daughter Helen. I had come reluctantly, for my mind was full of the secret intention I had formed of visiting Mrs. Clemens in the afternoon, and I had no heart for study. But finding Miss Darling out, I felt a drawing towards the seclusion of the observatory, and mounting to it, I sat down by myself to think. The rest and quiet of the place were soothing to me, and I sat still a long time, but suddenly becoming impressed with the idea that it was growing late, I went to the window to consult the town-clock. But though its face could be plainly seen from the observatory, its hands could not, and I was about to withdraw from the window when I remembered the telescope which Miss Darling and I had, in a moment of caprice a few days before, so arranged as to command a view of the town. Going to it, I peered through it at the clock." Stepping, she surveyed the District-attorney with breathless suspense. "It was just five minutes to twelve," she impressively whispered.

Mr. Ferris felt a shock.  
"A critical moment!" he exclaimed. Then, with a certain intuition perhaps of what she was going to say next, inquired, "And what then, Miss Dare?"  
"I was struck by a desire to see if I could detect Mrs. Clemens's house from where I was, and, shitting the telescope slightly, I looked through it again and—"  
"What did you see, Miss Dare?"  
"I saw her dining room door standing open and a man leaping headlong over the fence towards the bog."

The District-attorney started, looked at her with growing interest, and inquired:

"Did you recognize this man, Miss Dare?"

She nodded in great agitation.  
"Who was he?"  
"Craik Mansell."

"Miss Dare," ventured Mr. Ferris, after a moment, "you say this was five minutes to twelve?"  
"Yes, sir," was the faint reply.

"Five minutes later than the time designated by the defense as a period manifestly too late for the prisoner to have left Mrs. Clemens's house and arrived at the Quarry Station at twenty minutes past one?"

"Yes," she repeated, below her breath.

The District-attorney surveyed her earnestly, perceiving she had not only spoken the truth, but realized all which that truth implied, and drew back a few steps muttering ironically to himself:

"Ah, Orcutt! Orcutt!"

Breathlessly she watched him, breathlessly she followed him step by step like some white and haunting spirit.

"You believe, then, this fact will cost him his life" came from her lips at last.

"I don't ask me that, Miss Dare—don't ask me that. You and I have no concern with the consequences of this evidence."

"No concern?" she repeated, wildly. "You and I no concern? Ah," she went on, with heart piercing sarcasm, "I forgot that the sentiments of the heart have no place in judicial investigation. A criminal is but lawful prey which it is every good citizen's duty to push onwards to his doom. No matter if one is bound to that criminal by the dearest ties that can unite two hearts; no matter if the trust he has bestowed upon you has been absolute and unquestioning, the law does not busy itself with that. The law says if you have a word at your command that can destroy this man, give utterance to it, and the law must be obeyed."

"But, Miss Dare—" the District-attorney intervened with haste, startled by the feverish gleam in her eyes.

But she was not to be stopped, now that her misery had at last found words.

"You do not understand my position, perhaps," she continued. "You do not see that it has been my hand, and mine only, that, from the first, has slowly, remorselessly pushed this man back from the point of safety till now—now I am called upon to drag from his hand the one poor bending twig to which he clings, and upon which he relies to support him above the terrible gulf that yawns at his feet. You do not see—"

"Pardon me," interposed Mr. Ferris again, anxious, if possible, to restore her to herself. "I see enough to pity you profoundly. But you must allow me to remark that your hand is not the only one that has been instrumental in hurrying this young man to his doom. The detections—"

"Sir," she interrupted in her turn, "can you dare you say that, without my testimony, he would have stood at any time in a really critical position?—or that he would stand in jeopardy of his life, even now, if it were not for this fact I have to tell?"

Mr. Ferris was silent.

"Oh, I knew it, I knew it," she cried. "There will be no doubt concerning whose testimony it was that convicted him, if he is sentenced by the court for this crime. Ah, ah, what an enviable position is mine! What an honorable deed I am called upon to perform."

To tell the truth at the expense of the life most dear to you. It is a Roman virtue! I shall be held up as a model to my sex. All the world must shower plaudits upon the woman who, sooner than rob justice of its due, delivered her own lover over to the hangman."

Pausing in her passionate burst, she turned her hot, dry eyes in a sort of desperation upon his face.

"Do you know?" she gurgled in his ear, "some women would kill themselves before they would do this deed!"

Struck to his heart in spite of himself, Mr. Ferris looked at her in alarm—saw her standing there with her arms hanging down at her sides, but with her two hands clinched till they looked as if carved from marble—and drew near to her with the simple hurried question of:

"But you?"

"I?" she laughed again, a low, gurgling laugh, that yet had a tone in it that went through the other's heart, and awoke strange sensations there. "Oh, I shall live to respond to your questions. Do not fear that I shall not be in the court-room to morrow."

There was something in her look and manner that was new. It awed him, while it awoke all his latent concern.

"Miss Dare," he began, "you can believe how painful all this has been to me, and how I would have spared you this misery if I could. But the responsibilities resting upon me are such—"

He did not go on: why should he? She was not listening. To be sure, she stood before him, seemingly attentive, but the eyes with which she met his were fixed upon other sights than any which could have been apparent for her in his face; and her form, which she had hitherto held so uprightly, was shaking with long, uncontrollable shudders, which, to his excited imagination, threatened to lay her at his feet.

He at once started towards the door for help. But she was alive to his movements if not his words. Stopping him with a gesture, she cried:

"No—no! Do not call for any one: I wish to be alone. I have my duty to face, you know, my testimony to prepare." And rousing herself, she cast a peculiar look about the room like one suddenly introduced into a strange place, and then moving slowly towards the window, threw back the curtain and gazed without. "Night!" she murmured, "night!" and, after a moment, added, in a deep unearthly voice that thrilled irresistibly upon Mr. Ferris's ear: "And a heaven full of stars!"

Her face, as she turned it upwards, wore so strange a look, Mr. Ferris involuntarily left his position and crossed to her side. She was still murmuring to herself in seeming unconsciousness of his presence. "Stars!" she was repeating: "and above them God!" And the long shudders shook her frame again, and she drooped her head and seemed about to fall into her old abstraction when her eye encountered that of the District-attorney, and she hurriedly roused herself.

"Pardon me!" she exclaimed, with an ill-concealed irony, particularly impressive after her tone of the moment before, "have you anything further to exact of me?"

"No," he made haste to reply; "only before I go I would entreat you to be calm—"

"And say the word I have to say to-morrow without a balk and without an unnecessary

display of feeling," she coldly interpolated.

"Thanks, Mr. Ferris, I understand you. But you need fear nothing from me. There will be no scene—at least on my part—when I rise before the court to give my testimony to-morrow. Since my hand must strike the fatal blow, it shall strike—firmly!" and her clenched fist fell heavily on her own breast, as if the blow she meditated must first strike there.

The District attorney, more moved than he had deemed it possible for him to be made her low bow and withdrew slowly to the door.

"I leave you, then, till to-morrow," he said.

"Till to-morrow."

Long after he had passed out the deep meaning which informed those two words haunted his memory and disturbed his heart. Till to-morrow! Alas, poor girl! and after the to-morrow, what then?

## CHAPTER XXXV.—WHAT WAS HID BEHIND IMOGENE'S VAIL.

Mark now how a plain tale shall put you down

—Henry IV.

THE few minutes that elapsed before the formal opening of court the next morning were marked by great cheerfulness. The crisp frosty air had put everybody in a good humor. Even the prisoner looked less sombre than before, and for the first time since the beginning of his trial deigned to turn his eyes towards the bench where Imogene sat, with a look that, while it was not exactly kind, had certainly less disdain in it than before he saw his way to a possible acquittal on the theory advanced by his counsel.

But this look, though his first, did not prove to be his last. Something in the attitude of the woman he gazed at—or was it the mystery of the heavy black vail that enveloped her features?—woke a strange doubt in his mind. Beckoning to Mr. Orcutt, he communicated with him in a low tone.

"Can it be possible," asked he, "that anything new could have transpired since last night to give encouragement to the prosecution?"

The lawyer started, glanced hastily about him, and shook his head.

"No," he cried; "impossible! What could have transpired?"

"Look at Mr. Ferris," whispered the prisoner, "and then at the witness who wears a vail."

With an unaccountable feeling of reluctance, Mr. Orcutt hastily complied. His first glance at the District-attorney made him thoughtful. He recognized the look which his opponent wore: he had seen it many a time before this, and knew what it indicated. As for Imogene, who could tell what went on in that determined breast? The close black vail revealed nothing. Mr. Orcutt impatiently turned back to his client.

"I think you alarm yourself unnecessarily," he whispered. "Ferris means to fight, but what of that? He wouldn't be fit for his position if he didn't struggle to the last gasp even for a failing cause."

Yet in saying this his lip took its sternest line, and from the glitter of his eye and the close contraction of his brow, it looked as if he were polishing his own weapons for the conflict he thus unexpectedly saw before him.

Meantime, across the court-room, another whispered conference was going on.

"Hickory, where have you been ever since last night? I have not been able to find you anywhere."

"I was on duty; I had a bird to look after."

"A bird?"

"Yes, a wild bird; one who is none too fond of its cage: a desperate one who might find means to force aside its bars and fly away."

"What do you mean, Hickory? What nonsense is this?"

"Look at Miss Dare and perhaps you will understand."

"Miss Dare?"

"Yes."

Horace's eyes opened in secret horror.

"Do you mean—"

"I mean that I spent the whole night in tramping up and down in front of her window. And a dismal task it was, too. Her lamp burned till daylight."

Here the court was called to order, and Byrd had only opportunity to ask:

"Why does she wear a vail?"

To which the other whisperingly retorted:

"Why did she spend the whole night in packing up her worldly goods and writing to the congregational minister a letter to be sent after the adjournment of court to-day?"

"Did she do that?"

"She did."

"Hickory, don't you know—haven't you been told—what she is expected to say or do here to-day?"

"No."

"You only guess?"

"No; I don't guess."

"You fear then?"

"Fear? Well, that's a big word to a fellow like me. I don't know as I fear anything; I'm curious, that is all."

Mr. Fyrd drew back, looked over at Imogene, and involuntarily shook his head. What was in the mind of this mysterious woman? What direful purpose or shadow of doom lay behind the vail that separated her from the curiosity and perhaps the sympathy of the surrounding crowd? It was in vain to question, he could only wait in secret anxiety for the revelations which the next few minutes might bring.

The defense having rested the night before, the first action of the judge on the opening of the court was to demand whether the prosecution had any rebuttal testimony to offer.

Mr. Ferris instantly rose.

"Miss Dare, will you retake the stand?" said he.

Immediately Mr. Orcutt, who up to the last moment had felt his case as secure as if it had

indeed been founded on a rock, bounded to his feet, white as the witness herself.

"I object!" he cried. "The witness thus recalled by the counsel of the prosecution has had ample opportunity to lay before the court all the evidence in her possession. I submit it to the court whether my learned opponent should not have exhausted his witness before he rested his case."

"Mr. Ferris," asked the judge, turning to the District-attorney, "do you recall this witness for the purpose of introducing fresh testimony in support of your case, or merely to disprove the defense?"

"Your honor," was the District-attorney's reply, "I ought to say, in fairness to my adversary and to the court, that since the case was closed a fact of so startling and conclusive a nature has come to my knowledge that I feel bound to lay it before the jury. From this witness alone can we hope to glean this fact; and as I had no information on which to base a question concerning it in her former examination, I beg the privilege of re-opening my case to that extent."

"Then the evidence you desire to submit is not in rebuttal?" queried the judge.

"I do not like to say that," rejoined the District-attorney, abruptly. "I think it may bear directly upon the question whether the prisoner could reach the station at Monteith Quarry if he left the widow's house after the murder. If the evidence I am about to offer be true, he certainly could."

Thoroughly alarmed now, and filled with the dismay which a mysterious threat is always calculated to produce, Mr. Orcutt darted a wild look of inquiry at Imogene, and finding her immovable behind her thick vail, turned about, and, with a most sarcastic smile upon his blanched and trembling lips, confronted the District attorney.

"Does my learned friend suppose the court will receive any such ambiguous explanation as this? If the testimony sought from this witness is by way of rebuttal, let him say so; but if it is not, let him be frank enough to admit it, that I may in turn present my objections to the introduction of any irrelevant evidence at this time."

"The testimony I propose to present through this witness is in the way of rebuttal," returned Mr. Ferris, severely. "The argument advanced by the defense that the prisoner could not have left Mrs. Clemens's house at ten minutes before twelve and arrived at Monteith Quarry station at twenty minutes past one, is not a tenable one, and I propose to prove it by this witness."

Mr. Orcutt's look of anxiety changed to one of mingled amazement and incredulity.

"By this witness! You have chosen a peculiar one for the purpose," he ironically exclaimed,

"I will not," retorted his adversary. "A child could see that such a question is not admissible at this stage of the case."

"I am sure my learned friend would not wish me to associate him with any such type of inexperience, however ingenuous?" suggested Mr. Ferris, grimly.

But the sarcasm, which at one time would have called forth a stinging retort from Mr. Orcutt, passed unheeded. The great lawyer was fighting for his life, for his heart's life, for the love and hand of Imogene—a recompense which at this moment her own unconsidered action, or the constraining power of a conscience of whose might he had already received such heart-rending manifestation, seemed about to snatch from his grasp forever. Turning to the Judge, he said:

"I will not delay the case by bandying words with my esteemed friend, but appeal at once to the court as to whether the whereabouts of Miss Dare on that fatal morning can have anything to do with the defense we have proved."

"Your honor," commenced the District attorney, calmly following the lead of his adversary, "I am ready to stake my reputation on the declaration that this witness is in possession of a fact that overthrows the whole structure of the defense. If the particular question I have made use of in my endeavor to elicit this fact is displeasing to my friend, I will venture upon another less ambiguous, if more direct, and perhaps leading." And turning again to the witness, Mr. Ferris calmly inquired: "Did you, or did you not, see the prisoner on the morning of the assault, at a time distinctly known by you to be after ten minutes to twelve?"

It was out. The line of attack meditated by Mr. Ferris was patent to everybody. A murmur of surprise and interest swept through the court-room, while Mr. Orcutt who, in spite of his vague fears, was anything but prepared for a thrust of this vital nature, started and cast short, demanding looks from Imogene to Mansell, as if he would ask them what fact this was which, through ignorance or presumption they had conspired to keep from him. The startled look which he surprised on the stern face of the prisoner showed him there was everything to fear in her reply, and bounding to his feet, he was about to make some further attempt to stave off the impending calamity, when the rich voice of Imogene was heard saying:

"Gentlemen, if you will allow me to tell my story unhindered, I think I shall soonest satisfy both the District-attorney and the counsel for the prisoner."

And raising her eyes with a slow and heavy movement from the floor, she fixed them in a meaningful way upon the latter.

At once convinced that he had been unnecessarily alarmed, Mr. Orcutt sank back into his seat, and Imogene slowly proceeded. She commenced in a forced tone and with a sudden quick shudder that made her words come hesitatingly and with strange breaks: "I have been asked—two questions by Mr. Ferris. I prefer—to answer the first. He asked me—where I was at the hour Mrs. Clemmens was murdered"—she paused so long one had time to count her breaths as they came in gasps to her white lips—"I have no fur her desire to hide from you the truth. I was with Mrs. Clemmens in her own house."

At this acknowledgment, so astonishing and besides so totally different from the one he had been led to expect, Mr. Ferris started as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet.

"In Mrs. Clemmens's house?" he repeated, amid the excited hum of a hundred murmuring voices. "Did you say in Mrs. Clemmens's house?"

"Yes," she returned, with a wild ironical smile that at once assured Mr. Ferris of his helplessness. "I am on oath now and I assert that on the day and at the hour Mrs. Clemmens was murdered I was in her house and in her dining room. I had come there secretly," she proceeded, with a sudden, feverish fluency that robbed Mr. Ferris of speech, and, in fact, held all her auditors spellbound. "I had been spending an hour or so at Professor Darling's, whose house in West Side is, as many here know, at the very end of Summer Avenue and close to the woods that run along back of Mrs. Clemmens's cottage. I had been sitting alone in the observatory which is at the top of one of the towers, but being suddenly seized with a desire to see the widow and make that promised attempt at persuading her to reconsider her decision in regard to the money her—her—the prisoner wanted, I came down, and unknown to any one in the house, stole away to the woods and so to the widow's cottage. It was noon when I got there, or very near it for her company, if she had any was gone, and she was engaged in setting the clock where—"

Why did she pause? The District-attorney, utterly stupefied by his surprise, had made no sign, neither had Mr. Orcutt. Indeed it looked as if the latter could not have moved, much less spoken, even if he had desired it. Thought, feeling, life itself, seemed to be at a standstill within him, as he sat with a face like clay, waiting for words whose import he perhaps, saw foreshadowed in her wild and terrible mien. But though his aspect was enough to stop her, it was not upon him she was gazing when the words tripped on her lips. It was upon the prisoner—the man who up to this time had borne himself with such iron-like composure and reserve, but who now, with every sign of feeling and alarm, had started forward and, stood surveying her, with his hand uplifted in the authoritative manner of a master.

The next instant he sank back, feeling the eye of the judge upon him, but the signal had been made, and many in that court-room looked to see Imogene falter or break down. But she, although fascinated, perhaps moved, by this hint of feeling from one who had hitherto met all the exigencies of the hour with a steady and firm composure, did not continue silent at his bidding. On the contrary, her

purpose, whatever it was, seemed to acquire new force, for turning from him with a strange, unearthly glare on her face, she fixed her glances on the jury and went steadily on:

"I have said," she began, "that Mrs. Clemmens was winding her clock. When I came in she stepped down, and a short and angry colloquy commenced between us. She did not like my coming there. She did not appreciate my interest in her nephew. She made me furious, frenzied, mad. I—I turned away—then I came back. She was standing with her face lifted towards the clock as though she no longer heeded or remembered my presence. I—I don't know what came to me; whether it was hatred or love that maddened my brain—but—"

She did not finish, she did not need to. The look she gave, the attitude she took, the appalling gesture which she made, supplied the place of language. In an instant Mr. Ferris, Mr. Orcutt, all the many and confused spectators who hung upon her words as if spell-bound, realized that instead of giving evidence inculpating the prisoner, she was giving evidence accusing herself; that, in other words, Imogene Dare, goaded to madness by the fearful alternative of either destroying her lover or sacrificing herself, had yielded to the claims of her love or her conscience, and in hearing of judge and jury, proclaimed herself to be the murderer of Mrs. Clemmens.

The moment that followed was frightful. The prisoner, who was probably the only man present who foresaw her intention when she began to speak, had sunk back into his seat and covered his face with his hands long before she reached the fatal declaration. But the spectacle presented by Mr. Orcutt was enough, as, with eyes dilated and lips half parted in consternation, he stood before them a victim of overwhelming emotion, so overcome indeed, as scarcely to be able to give vent to the one low and memorable cry that involuntarily left his lips as the full realization of what she had done smote home to his stricken breast.

As for Mr. Ferris, he stood dumb, absolutely robbed of speech by this ghastly confession he had unwittingly called from his witness's lips: while slowly, from end to end of that court-room, the wave of horror spread, till Imogene, her cause, and that of the wretched prisoner himself, seemed swallowed up in one fearful tide of unreality and nightmare.

The first gleam of relief came from the judge.

"Miss Dare," said he, in his slow, kindly way, that nothing could impair, "do you realize the nature of the evidence you have given to the court?"

Her slowly falling head, and white face, from which all the fearful excitement was slowly ebbing in a dead despair, gave answer for her.

"I fear you are not in a condition to realize the effect of your words," the judge went on, "Sympathy for the prisoner, or the excitement of being recalled to the stand, has unnerved or confused you. Take time Miss Dare; the court will wait; reconsider your words, and then tell us the truth about this matter."

But Imogene, with white lips and drooped head, answered, hurriedly:

"I have nothing to reconsider. I have told, or attempted to tell, how Mrs. Clemmens came to her death. She was struck down by me; Craik Mansel there is innocent."

At this repetition in words of what she had before merely intimated by a gesture, the judge ceased his questions, and the horror of the multitude found vent in one long, low, but irrepressible murmur. Taking advantage of the momentary disturbance, Byrd turned to his colleague with the agitated inquiry:

"Hickory, is this what you have had in your mind for the last few days?"

"This" repeated the other, with an air of careful consideration, assumed as Byrd thought to conceal any emotion which he might have felt. "No, no, not really. I—I don't know what I thought. Not this though." And he fixed his eyes upon Imogene's fallen countenance, with an expression of mingled doubt and wonder as baffling in its nature as the tone of voice he had used.

"But" stammered Byrd, with an earnestness that almost partook of the nature of pleading, "she is not speaking the truth, of course. What we heard hersay in the hut—"

"Hush!" interrupted the other, with a significant gesture and a sudden glance towards the prisoner and his counsel; "watching is better than talking just now. Besides Orcutt is going to speak."

(To be continued.)

#### ANNUAL REGATTA AT ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE most interesting social event of the year at St. John's is the great annual regatta, held on the picturesque lake of Quidi Vidi. This exquisitely beautiful sheet of water lies only a mile outside the northern extension of the city, and is girt round by a perfect amphitheatre of luxuriant hill slopes. The length of the lake is a little more than a mile. The course, which includes a turn, is a mile and a half and three hundred yards. The boats, which are of the elongated whaleboat type, are very handsome and symmetrical. They average about forty feet in length, three feet in breadth, and fifteen inches in depth. They range in weight from 180 pounds to 400 pounds. The quickest time has been achieved this year by Outer Cove fishermen, who rowed over the course in 9 min. 46 sec. The stoppage in turning the buoys at the northern end of the lake varies from twenty to thirty-five seconds. The extraordinary speed of ten miles per hour has been attained by the fishermen crews, who are the élite of the fishing population, and are models of tough, muscular, sinewy oarsmen.

The programme of this now famous annual regatta is somewhat elaborate. This year six boats were entered, all nearly of the same class. The Buttercup, Fo'c'sle, Lurline, Silver, Dora and Native, are the names in which they rejoice. The two first-

named boats were the victors during the day. The crews were made up of amateurs, a designation including all persons not engaged in manual labor—tradesmen, fishermen selected from rival fishing settlements, unskilled operatives and juveniles, who have not reached their eighteenth year. After the first five races, all rowed with six oars, the boat being steered by a coxswain, there is an interval of an hour. The same boats are again entered and pulled by four oars selected from the several six-oared crews. The regatta is, as it were, gone over once more, with the mere difference of a change from six to four oars.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

It is stated that the rare metal thorium has been obtained in some quantity and in a pure state by Nelson.

An Electric Light for deep-sea fishing adorns the new steamer *Albatross*, of the Fish Commission. When sunk beneath the water it attracts the fishes and these are caught by a net which is drawn up from beneath it.

Dr. Paul Gussfeldt, who had undertaken to ascend the Aconcagua, the highest peak of the Chub Cordilleras, failed to accomplish the task owing to the extreme cold, but he succeeded in taking some very instructive photographs of a very remarkable region.

Professor Fritsch has found that the electric organs of the torpedo are developed from the outer gill muscles of the fifth gill arch. These, which in rays and sharks form the powerful lower jaw muscles, are absent in the torpedo, the electric apparatus taking their place.

Three Artesian wells have been sunk in the corporate limits of Puebla, the last one more than a year ago. All are over 1,000 feet deep, and one is over 1,300 feet. Each discharges a regular and considerable flow of mineral water, the water from two of them being highly charged with valuable hygienic properties.

A New Electric Light regulator has been invented by M. Tommasi. Selenium is the principal agent, as the resistance of that substance varies with the intensity of the light. As yet the instrument is only adapted for fixing the position of the flame on the Jablonski candle, but perhaps the inventor may be able later to fit it for the regulation of the outer arc lights.

The Volta Prize of \$6,000 will be awarded by the Académie des sciences, Paris, in December, 1887, under the decree of June 11th, 1882, for the discovery or invention of whatever shall render electricity applicable economically to one of the following objects: Heat, light, chemical action, mechanical force, the transmission of messages, or the treatment of sick persons.

At Bornholm, Belgium, the fossil remains of several gnathodonts have been discovered. One skeleton has been put together with wonderful skill, and now forms the object of curiosity of the Museum of Natural History at Brussels. It has been placed in a specially constructed compartment in the courtyard, as its enormous height prevented it from being placed in any of the halls.

A Scientific Commission on board the United States ship *Washington* is to examine the basis of the Mediterranean, ascertaining the depth, temperature, density, and chemical composition of the water, the geological nature of the bottom, the velocity and direction of the marine currents, and their action on the coasts, and, also, to study the deep sea plants and animals.

Darwin tells us that the great pillars of Stonehenge have for years been undergoing the slow process of interment by the accumulation of mold around them, and that they are in danger of being undermined as the result of the labor of earthworms. The floors and walls of Roman villas in England have, in the same way, been lowered by the withdrawal of the underlying soil.

Mr. Joseph Thomson, in his recent journey round the northern and northwestern limits of Klimbari, Zanzibar, was able to ascend the mountain to about 10,000 feet elevation, and established the fact of its volcanic origin. He traveled for miles over extensive lava beds, and traced the outlines of a crater at its summit. The lower slopes, furrowed by endless streams, are described as a Garden of Eden for fertility and beauty.

While there may be danger in houses and factories lighted by electricity from accidental shocks received, it will not be as great as that arising from gas and boilers. Every electrical engineer will need to take care so to arrange his leads as to make it impossible almost for any one to touch both at once. In case of fire the electric wires would heat and fuse, perhaps, but would not add combustible and explosive material to the flame.

In a paper read before the Geneva Hygienic Congress, Dr. Daly has maintained that the deformities of people may usually be traced to the positions in which they are kept while at school. That children are, as a rule, well formed at the commencement of school life is indicated by the researches of Dr. Chaussier, who found that only 122 out of 23,200 newly-born infants examined by him possessed abnormal peculiarities of any kind.

C. Baur describes a thermoscope, which consists of thin gold leaves blackened with platinum chloride, and cut so as to comb the large surface with low resistance. These are attached to opposite ends of a cylinder which is hollow and open at the ends and solid in the middle. These leaves are made the arms of a Wheatstone bridge, and prove to be a much more delicate test for radiant heat than the thermopile. The author terms the instrument a radiometer.

Bricks impregnated at a high temperature with asphalt are being successfully used in Berlin for street pavement. By driving out the air and water with heat, bricks will take up from fifteen to twenty per cent of bitumen, and the porous, brittle material becomes durable and elastic under pressure. The bricks are then put endways on a beaten bed and set with hot tar. It is said that the rough usage which the pavement made of these bricks will stand is astonishing.

The German Medical Journals are discussing a new medical agent, recently discovered by Professor Fischer, of Munich. In the course of a long series of investigations concerning the nature and action of quinine, he found that by means of certain chemical transformations a substance can be obtained, in the form of a white crystalline powder, from coal tar, which greatly resembles quinine in its action on the human organism. He has given this new agent the name of "karin." The chief effect produced by it appears to be the diminution of fever heat, and in this respect it does far better than the thermopile. The author terms the instrument a radiometer.

A Device to prevent lamp chimneys from being cracked by sudden changes of temperature, it is claimed, has been accomplished by the formation of two curved metal strips pivoted to one end of a metal rod, the ends of these strips being secured to the top of a lamp chimney in such a manner that the metal rod projects downward. The strips and rod are heated by the flame of the lamp, and, as they are of metal, they, of course, retain heat much longer than the chimney. If the light is extinguished, and the chimney tends to cool off rapidly, the heat passes from the rod and strips to the chimney, in this way preventing that rapid cooling of the latter which so frequently results in cracking, and the consequent destruction of the article.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—The Chilean army will probably evacuate Lima on September 16th.

—The glass manufacturers have agreed with delegates from their workmen not to make any change in wages for the ensuing year.

—The Chinese Government has made reparation for the murder of French missionary in Yunnan, and has promised to punish the murderers.

—The Odd Fellows gained 18,050 members throughout the world last year. In Pennsylvania they gained 2,555; in Ohio, 1,897; and in New York, 1,526.

—FRESH vexatious passport rules have been adopted on the Russian frontier, and obstacles are being placed in the way of Germans who wish to reside in Russia.

—A CHINESE groceryman at Atlanta, Ga., married a white woman last week. A Bill is now pending in the Georgia Legislature making such marriages illegal.

—TWO IRISH families and three German paupers, all asserted emigrants, were returned to their native countries, last week, by the authorities of Erie County, N. Y.

—THE Comptroller of Tennessee has decided that over \$1,000,000 of taxes on railroad property, due prior to 1875, must be paid into the State Treasury under an Act passed by the last Legislature.

—EARLY in August there was a shower of thousands of fish in Monte Morelos, Mexico, and there was an earthquake at Pachuca, causing twenty deaths, and the destruction of thirty houses.

—MOUNT VESUVIUS is in a state of remarkable activity, and the continuous trembling of the soil has resulted in considerable injury to buildings and to the railway running up to the mountain.

—A CONVENTION to discuss the manner of abolishing internal custom-houses in Mexico and to propose another tax to replace the loss suffered by the States will be held in the City of Mexico on October 1st.

—ON the apex of South Mountain, near Boonesboro, Mo., a new monument to George Washington was unveiled a few days ago in presence of a large assembly. It is thirty-five feet high, of native granite, and succeeds one placed by the Odd Fellows in 1827.

—BUTTERMILK is the favorite beverage among the temperance men of Philadelphia. "Ice cold buttermilk" signs are seen over many barrooms in that city. Ginger ale and Apollinaris are not so popular as they were. Buttermilk is recommended by physicians as being good for dyspepsia and the kidneys.

—A PORTION of the old Roman wall which formerly surrounded the City of London has been discovered seventeen feet below the level of Peter Nester Row. All traces of this wall had long since disappeared, notably in the street called "London Wall," where tradition points to a few ancient stones as a remnant of the famous barrier.

—THE abolition of the internal revenue tax on matches has encouraged the American agents of the Swedish factories to import Swedish matches in large quantities. Every steamship from a Swedish port since July 1st has brought matches. The duty is 25 per cent., and the matches are sold here for about three-quarters of the price of our home-made matches.

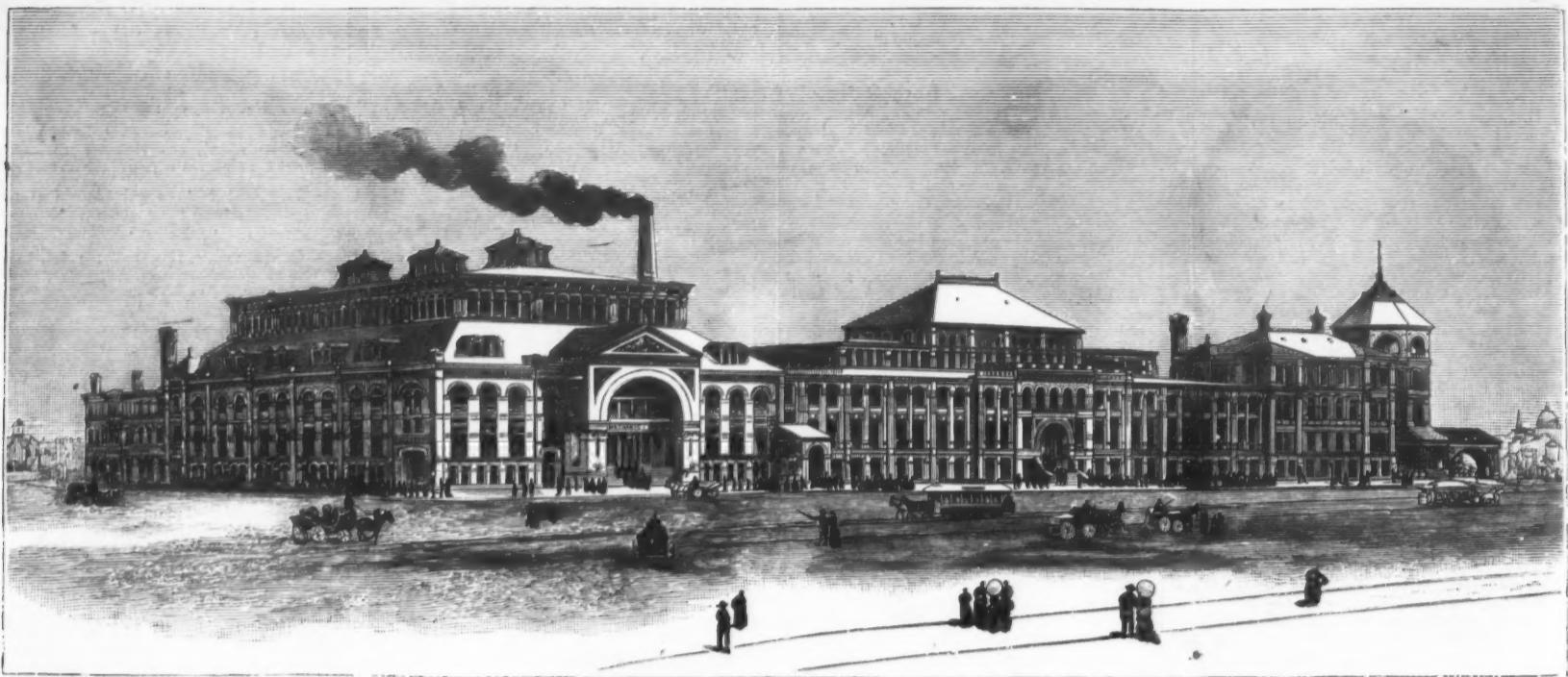
—THE Labor Congress, held in this city last week, appointed a committee to appear before Congress next Winter to urge the establishment of a national postal telegraph. They also appointed a committee to interrogate the Democratic and Republican National Conventions on the Eight-hour law, legalizing trade organizations and the establishment of a national labor bureau.

—SWITZERLAND is crowded with tourists this season, but the unusual amount of snow is a great drawback, and prevents many travelers from taking the customary ascent of the mountains. Chamonix, however, is numerous, and the sport of hunting them compensates to some extent for the disappointment caused by the impossibility of visiting the usual points of interest on the mountain peaks.

—AN electric storm which lasted a week occurred in Colorado early in August. The condition of the atmosphere was such that the most powerful batteries would barely give a faint click. At the same time there were violent floods, washouts in all directions, water in all the cellars, and mushrooms and toadstools coming up on the lawns. Humanity also suffered, and half the people in Colorado Springs were made ill.

—TWENTY-SEVEN propellers and schooners carrying 1,500,000 bushels of grain, mostly corn and wheat, left the port of Chicago on one day recently, together with about twice as many craft of various kinds laden with other kinds of freight, being the largest fleet which ever left the port in one day. The grain was bound for various ports on Lakes Erie and Huron, chiefly the former, where it is intended for transhipment by canal to New York.

—SIR CHARLES TUPPER has returned from a tour in

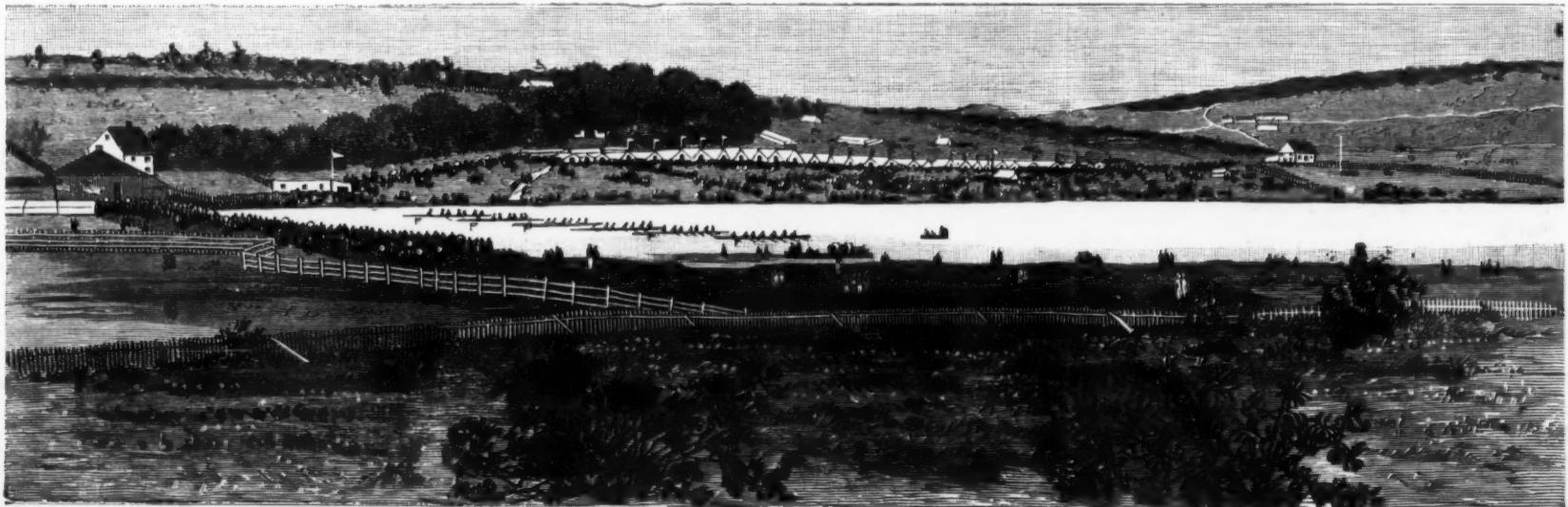


EXTERIOR OF THE EXPOSITION BUILDING.



INTERIOR OF THE EXPOSITION BUILDING.

MASSACHUSETTS.—THE EXHIBITION OF FOREIGN PRODUCTS, ARTS AND MANUFACTURES, AT BOSTON, OPENING SEPT. 3D.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 22.



NEWFOUNDLAND.—THE RECENT ANNUAL REGATTA ON QUIDI VIDY LAKE, ST. JOHN'S.—PHOTO. BY JOHN F. MORRIS.—SEE PAGE 27.



NEW YORK.—B. S. CHURCH,  
ENGINEER OF THE NEW CROTON AQUEDUCT.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COLBURN.

THE NEW AQUEDUCT ENGINEER.

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN CHURCH, the recently-appointed engineer of the new aqueduct for New York city, was born April 7th, 1836, at Angelica, Allegany County, N. Y. He is the oldest son of John B. and Maria Silliman Church. His mother is a daughter of Professor Benjamin Silliman, Jr., and granddaughter of the famous Jonathan Trumbull, the original "Brother Jonathan," and Washington's comrade and friend. Mr. Church is descended, on his father's side, from old Knickerbocker stock—the Schuylers, Van Cortlandts, Van Rensselaers, Livingstones, Stewarts, etc.; on his mother's side, he counts among his "forebears" one of the Pilgrim Fathers who came over in the *Mayflower*. After graduating at Dartmouth College in 1856, Mr. Church became a civil engineer, and was employed for some time on the New Haven Railroad. Afterwards he was engaged to make the original topographical survey of Central Park, and subsequently was appointed Topographical Engineer of the Hydrographic Survey of the Croton River and basin. He was employed also, under General George S. Greene, in the construction of the great reservoir in Central Park, and was afterwards placed in charge of the Croton Aqueduct as resident engineer. This position he held up to the time of his appointment as engineer of the new enterprise, excepting that for a short time duty called him to the battlefield as a captain in the Twelfth New York, and as a Topographical Engineer in the Army of the Potomac.

Mr. Church's long service in charge of the Croton Aqueduct covers a period dating from the time when, running half full, it brought an abundant supply of water to the city, until now, when it fails, though strained to its utmost strength and capacity to meet the necessities of the vast population gathered on Manhattan Island. To his care, skill and energy are largely due its preservation and ability to meet the excessive demands upon it. His thorough knowledge of all the conditions and details touching the supply and distribution of the water through the city, and the possibilities of development of the Croton system, will be of incalculable value in directing the work upon

which the Commission have entered. It will thus be seen that Mr. Church's appointment was one "eminently fit to be made." It is a curious coincidence that Mr. Church's great-grandfather, John B. Church, was President of the Manhattan Company, the first water



MISSOURI.—MONUMENT TO GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON,  
ON MONUMENT SQUARE, SPRINGFIELD,  
UNVEILED AUGUST 9TH.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SITTNER.—SEE PAGE 30.



NEW JERSEY.—W. HASBROUGH, PH.D., PRINCIPAL OF  
THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BEER.

company of New York city, and that another ancestor, his great-great-grandfather, General Philip Schuyler, brought over from Europe and presented to New York the first plans for the sewerage of the city.

WASHINGTON HASBROUGH, PH.D.

PRINCIPAL OF THE NEW JERSEY STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

DR. HASBROUGH, one of the leading educators of the country, is a native of New Paltz, N. Y., where he was born in 1824. When only four and a half years of age he was sent to the public school of that place, and attended regularly until he was eleven years old, when he entered the New Paltz Academy. During most of the five years spent in this institution, Mr. Hasbrough was employed as a teacher of mathematics. His ability and success as an instructor were so marked, even at that early age, that he determined to adopt it as a life profession. He was a severe student, and, while teaching, mastered Latin, Greek and French. He was Vice-Principal of the old Kingston Academy for three years, during which he studied law under John Van Buren, the eminent counselor.

Mr. Hasbrough's private classical school at Saugerties, N. Y., was one of the most prosperous in the State, and he only resigned it for wider fields of labor. For twenty years he was principal of the classical and commercial school for young men in Jersey City, and his success there is a part of the history of the State. The Hasbrough Institute averaged two hundred pupils a year, and sent to college and business some of the most widely-known citizens of that and other States. The power displayed by Dr. Hasbrough was so marked, that when a vacancy occurred in the principality of the Normal School, he was looked upon as the most eminently fitted for that position, and the Board of Trustees, by a unanimous vote, appointed him Principal of the Normal and Model Schools, and of the Farmington Preparatory School in Beverly, N. J.



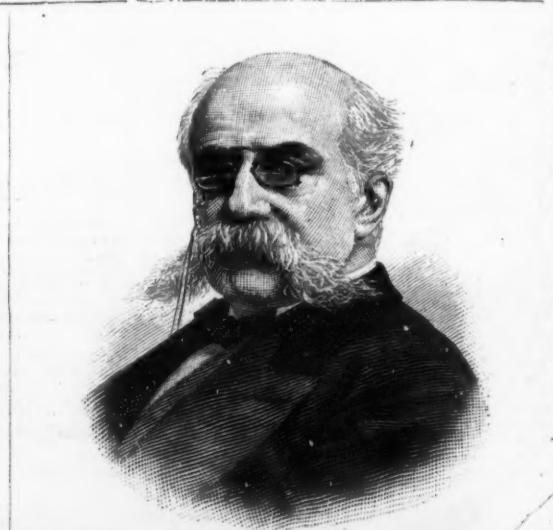
NEW MEXICO.—THE TERTIO-MILLENNIAL CELEBRATION AT SANTA FE.—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION HALL.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY BROWN.—SEE PAGE 30.



HON. NATHANIEL J. BRADLEE, PRESIDENT.



HON. FREDERIC W. LINCOLN, TREASURER.



GENERAL C. B. NORTON, SECRETARY.

He completed his seventh year in this service in June last. His success has been of the most pronounced character. The institutions were never so crowded and prosperous, and their influence upon the common school education throughout that and the adjoining States is of the most beneficent nature. Rutgers College conferred upon him the degree of A.M., and Princeton College and New York University that of Ph.D.

Dr. Hasbrouck is an enthusiastic teacher with a high ideal of school work. His geniality and earnestness make him highly popular with his students. He possesses a never-failing fund of illustration, and his lectures on pedagogics are as entertaining as instructive. He has been for years an effective laborer in the Sunday-school field. His writings, which are considerable, are characterized by crispness, directness and point, and his lectures are models of sound sense, exalted sentiment, and the highest progressive educational thought.

#### THE SANTA FE TERTIO-MILLENNIAL.

THE Exposition at Santa Fe commemorative of the 33rd anniversary of the settlement of the city has already been described in our columns, and we need now only call attention to the illustration on page 29, giving an interior view of the Exhibition Hall. The Exposition has been in every respect a creditable representation of the young industries of New Mexico, but its chief interest consisted in the fact that it illustrated the growth of American ideas, the progress of American ingenuity, in an essentially foreign community under peculiarly unfavorable conditions. The effect of the Exposition as an agent of social revolution cannot be doubted. It has brought together people who must otherwise have learned slowly of each other. Tenacity of habit and customs that had become almost instinctive among the aboriginal clans and tribes will be relaxed and softened by mutual contact. The Indians will carry back to their tribes new and civilizing ideas, and the Mexicans must learn that the price of living even in their own country must soon be unflagging industry, to which perhaps the younger generation may be spurred by witnessing the fruits of such industry.

#### THE LYON MONUMENT AT SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI.

AUGUST 8th, 9th and 10th, there was held in the City of Springfield, Mo., a reunion of the survivors of the battle of Wilson Creek, fought near that city, August 10th, 1862. At this reunion over 2,000 veterans and 20,000 visitors, coming from all parts of the country, were present. Among the visitors were the Governors of Kansas, Arkansas and Missouri, and many other dignitaries. One of the incidents of the reunion was the unveiling of a monument to the memory of General Lyon, who was killed at the battle of Wilson Creek. The monument is a marble shaft, some twenty feet in height, ornately carved and appropriately inscribed, and was unveiled in the presence of 10,000 people, Colonel J. P. Tracy, of Springfield, Mo., making the address on the occasion. The monument stands on Monument Square, near the centre of the city, and is a credit to those who erected it.

#### Louise Michel, the Priestess of Communism.

A PARIS correspondent of the New York *World* gives an interesting account of the life, work and home of Louise Michel, the prophetess of the Communists. He describes her as by no means the vulgar hag she is usually represented to be, but as a quiet, kind-looking, middle-aged woman, "whose gaunt figure, though of the average height, appears tall in its clinging gown of shabby black. The large mouth and short, brown hair, hanging in straight, disheveled mats around the neck, are somewhat redeemed by a high, intellectual forehead and expressive gray eyes—eyes which look as though they had wept countless tears of bitterness and disappointment. They are vague, restless eyes, and seem always seeking for something they can not find." The correspondent continues:

"In a remote way Louise reminds one not only of the Styli but of the Shyline books. Had the greater part of her life not been burnt up in the fire of misery and revolt, what a splendid figure she might have been! No wonder her genius has been misdirected and misapplied. The circumstances of her early life were alone enough to have unhinged a sterner mind than hers. She was born at the Chateau de Vroncourt in 1830, and on one side, at least, can claim a connection with that very aristocracy which it is the object of her existence to denounce. Her youth was passed in an atmosphere of culture and refinement in which her precocious talents and eccentric ideas were a continual source of interest and amusement for her protectors, by whom she was petted and spoiled to the last degree. But, with their death, the happy days came to an end. The legitimate heirs stepped in, and Louise, accompanied by her mother, an old servant of the chateau, started out in quest of a career. She failed as a teacher in the village of Audelencourt, and, after a succession of heart-breaking vicissitudes, met with no better success in a school which she opened in Paris. She came here at a time when a number of political clubs were springing up in every direction. In these she at last found an outlet for the tumultuous ideas seething in heart and brain, and plunged headlong into the revolutionary vortex. Nameless, penniless, with high appreciation of the poetic and generous side of humanity, she was fascinated by ideas which, if human nature could be sufficiently elevated to put them into execution, would change the world into a paradise. We all know how she fought, tended the wounded, and did her best to meet death during the Commune in 1870; how she trod the deck, too, barefooted, on her desolate way to New Caledonia, sacrificing her shoes and stockings to a creature whom she considered more needy than herself. Yet defeat and suffering did not teach Louise that she is struggling in a hopeless cause, for which, unless she dies from exhaustion in the meantime, she will probably have the pleasure of being shot during the inevitable next insurrection."

"A visit which I paid to Louise Michel in her home at the end of the Boulevard Ornano—that is, at the end of what are called the *quartiers恶棍区*—gave me a much clearer revelation of the causes which have made this inspired fanatic what she is. No wonder she so persistently demands an 'equal place in the sunshine' for all humanity. Nothing could be dirtier, more poverty-stricken and more squalid than this home, composed of a kitchen, two badly lighted rooms and an antechamber, occasionally furnished with an enormous coffin-shaped bath tub filled with suspicious-looking water. As has been justly observed, the only comparatively clean things in the place were a plaster bust of Charlotte Corday and the old mother of Louise, with whom the bath water seemed remotely connected. The uncurtained windows of the room in which Louise receives her guests were blocked by a huge workstand, piled yard high with dusty books, pamphlets and newspapers. The centre of the room was filled by a table, also crowded with appropriate literature, varied by a plate of what seemed to be last year's butter, an old shawl, a bandbox, and other miscellaneous useful articles. Two straw-bottomed chairs, one of which was occupied by a small basket of soiled linen, completed the furniture. And here, amid this chaotic confusion, Louise sat, oblivious of cold, discomfort and squalor,

ready to tackle the problems of anarchy and revolution at a moment's notice.

"The only thing which diverts her mind from these subjects is the care of her invalid mother, on whose account she has been obliged to indefinitely postpone her proposed American tour. This old lady clamorously disapproves of her daughter's principles, and regrets having prevented her from entering a religious Order, as she once was bent upon doing. Mme. Michel usually abuses any one going to the house, but on this occasion she behaved with unwonted civility."

#### Our Mineral Output.

THE report of the United States Geological Survey, soon to be issued, gives the value of the metallic products of the United States for 1882 at \$21,756,04. The items which exceed \$1,000,000 each are as follows: Pig iron, spot value, \$106,336,429; silver, coining value, \$46,800,000; gold, coining value, \$32,500,000; copper, value at New York city, \$31,603,809; lead, value at New York city, \$12,624,550; zinc, value at New York city, \$3,646,620; quicksilver, value at San Francisco, \$1,487,537. A table is also produced showing "values of some of the non-metallic products," which gives a total of \$226,156,402. The items in this table which equal or exceed \$100,000 each are as follows: Bituminous coal, brown coal, lignite, and anthracite mined outside of Pennsylvania, \$76,076,487; Pennsylvania anthracite, \$70,556,694; crude petroleum, \$23,704,698; slate, \$21,700,000; building stone, \$21,000,000; salt, \$4,320,140; cement, \$3,672,750; limestone for iron flux, \$2,310,000; phosphate rock, \$1,147,830; New Jersey marl, \$540,000; crude borax, \$160,000; chrome iron ore, value at Baltimore, \$10,000. The foregoing are all spot values, except chrome iron ore. A statement is also given which shows that fire-clay, kaolin, etc., etc., were produced worth on the spot "certainly not less than" \$8,000,000. The grand total is, therefore, \$453,912,406.

#### FUN.

It takes a sharp man to do much with a dull market.

It is asserted that no weather prophet was ever sunstruck. Old Sol has a little self-respect left.

The Wall Street bulls seem to have taken a vacation. Presumably because they couldn't bear the heat.

It is stated that nearly 400 persons were killed by wind in this country last year, and yet thousands of men are willing to risk their lives by getting elected to Congress.

A WESTERN paper announces the fact that an acrobat turned a somersault on a locomotive smokestack. That is nothing. We know of an engineer who turned on the steam.

The average young lady wants at least four feet of seat in a street-car for a ride of six blocks, but she will ride half a day Sunday squeezed into a buggy-seat beside her young man and not find the least fault.

A ST. LOUIS lawyer caught a man in his house the other night and held him until the police came. The arrested individual thinks that the common courtesy prevailing among thieves should have induced the lawyer to let him go.

"WHOM God hath joined together let no man put asunder!" exclaimed the officiating clergyman at an Illinois wedding, with great solemnity. "Or no woman, either," piped up an aged matron; "for they're jest as bad as the men."

It was at the close of the wedding breakfast. One of the guests arose, and, glass in hand, said: "I drink to the health of the bridegroom. May he see many days like this." The intention was good, but the bride looked as if something had displeased her.

WHEN the editor proposed and was accepted, he said to his sweetheart: "I would be glad if you would give me a kiss;" then, observing her blush, he added, "not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith." She could not resist that.

"I HAVE been married now," boasted a prosy old fellow, "more than thirty years, and have never given my wife a cross word." "That's because you never dared, uncle," said a little nephew who lived with them. "If you had, auntie would have made you jump."

A CHINAMAN bet three dollars that, with his clothes on, he could swim across the Sacramento River. When he failed and went under, his opponent clapped his hands in great glee, but suddenly turned pale and staggered. The drowning man had the stakes in his pocket.

"UNCLE," asks little Paul, "when I am big will I still be your nephew?" "Always, my boy; thus, when you are sixty you will still be my nephew, the same as to-day." Little Paul, after a moment's reflection, "Yes, but you will not have been my uncle for a long time."

#### MAYOR BEATTY'S BIRTHDAY.

MAYOR BEATTY, the organ-builder, of Washington, New Jersey, celebrated his thirty-fifth birthday on the 14th ult. The Mayor, although still young, has accomplished more than often falls to the lot of any one man, and his name is enrolled among those of the successful business men of our times.

FLIES, roaches, ants, bedbugs, rats, mice, crows, chipmunks cleared out by "ROUGH ON RATS." 15c.

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THE postmaster received a letter from Norwich, Conn., on which was the following address: "Mr. Colton, 'the tooth Puller,' Somewhere in Cooper Institute Building, better known in the country as the 'Gas Man.' See that he gets this. New York City."

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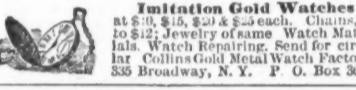
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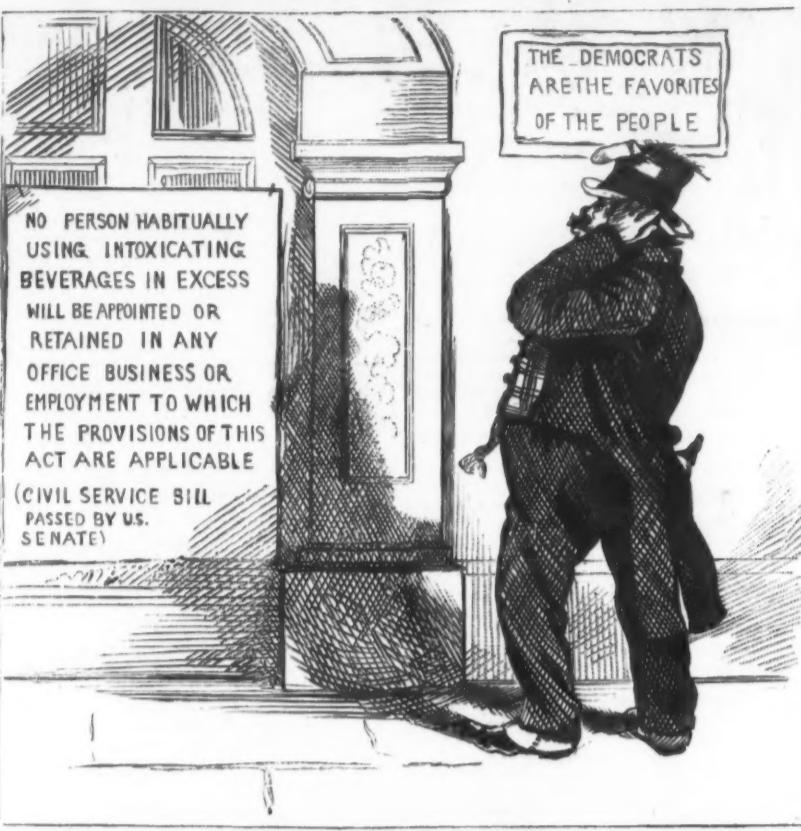
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